The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY PALACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY EUGENE CASS.

In fancy, Sister Alice,
I've builded me a palace,
Beyond these hills of sorrow,
Up in the bright to-morrow.

In dreamy summer weather,
The robins sing together,
Among the leaves that shadow
My airy El Dorado.

Where hazy splendor dozes
On beds of purple roses,
Within this fairy palace,
I place my Sister Alice.

I know 'tis only dreaming,
Yet from the blissful seeming
I gleam a wealth of pleasure,
No work of mine can measure.

The soul's sincere endeavor,
May furnish fruit forever;
Perhaps, my dim ideal
Foreshadows something real.

And in the golden glory,
Foretold in song and story,
I yet may find my palace,
And in it, Sister Alice.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER II.

ELLEN ADAIR.

The day promised to be as warm as the preceding one. The night and morning mists were gone; the sun shone hot and bright. Summer seemed to have come in before its time.

Two white gothic villas stood side by side just within the neck of Dallory Ham, a few yards of garden and some clustering shrubs lying between them. They were built alike The side windows, facing each other over this strip of ground, were large projecting bay windows, and belonged to the dining-rooms. These houses were originally erected for two maiden sisters: hence their relationship (if such a term may be applied to dwellings) one with the other. A large and beautiful garden lay at the back, surrounding the two villas, only a slender wire fence, that a child might have stepped over, dividing it. In the first of these houses (entering the Ham from the direction of Dallory) lived Mrs. Cumberland, the mother of Oliver Rane. She had been married twice, hence the difference in name. The second house was occupied by Dr. Rane. They lay back with a strip of grass before them, the entrance doors being level with the ground: no steps.

Let us go into the doctor's: turning the handle of the door without ceremony, as Dr. Rane's more familiar patients do. The hall is very small, narrowing off at the upper end to a passage, and lighted with stained glass. On the left of the entrance door is the consulting-room, not much bigger than a closet; beyond it is the dining-room, a good spacious apartment, with its bay-window, already spoken of, looking to the other house. Opposite the dining-room across the passage, narrow here, is the white-flagged kitchen; and the drawing-room lies in front, on the right of the entrance. Not being furnished, it is mostly kept shut up. A back-door opens to the garden.

Oliver Rane sat in his consulting-room; the "Whitborough Journal," damp from the press, in his hand. It was just twelve o'clock and he had to go out, but the newspaper was attracting him. By seven o'clock that morning he had been at the Hall, and learnt that there was no material change in the patient, lying there; he had then gone on, early though it was, to see the man, Ketler. The journal gave the details of Mr. North's seizure with tolerable accuracy, and concluded its account in these words: "We have reason to know that a clue has been obtained to the anonymous writer."

"A clue to the writer!" repeated Dr. Rane, his eyes seeming to be glued to the words. "I wonder if it's true? No, no; it is not likely," came the quiet, contemptuous decision. "How should any clue—"

He stopped suddenly; rose from the chair, and stood erect and motionless, as if some thought had struck him. A fine man; almost as good-looking at a casual glance as another who was stepping in upon him. The front door had opened, and this one was slightly tapped at. Dr. Rane paused before he answered it, and a fierce look of inquiry, as if he did not care to be interrupted, shot out from his eyes.

"Come in."

A tall, slender, and very handsome man, younger than Dr. Rane, opened the door by slow degrees. There was a peculiar cast of proud refinement on his fair features, and a dreamy look in his dark blue eyes. An attractive face at all times and seasons, whose owner it was impossible to mistake for any but an upright, well-bred gentleman. It was Arthur Bohun; Captain Bohun, as he was very generally called. He was the only son of Mrs. North by her former marriage with Major Bohun, and of course the step-son of Mr. North.

"Any admittance, doctor?"

"Always admittance to you," answered the doctor, who could be affable or not, as it suited his mood. "Why don't you come in?"

He came in with his pleasant smile; a smile that hid the natural pride of the face. Oliver Rane put down the newspaper.

"Well? Is there any change in Edmund North?"

"The very slightest in the world, the doctors think; and for the better," replied Captain Bohun. "Dick told me. I have not been in myself since early morning. I cannot bear to look on extreme suffering."

A ghost of a smile flitted across Dr. Rane's features at the avowal. He could understand a woman's disliking to look on suffering, but not a man's. And the one before him had been a soldier!

Captain Bohun sat down on an uncomfortable wooden stool as he spoke, gently pushing back the front of his light summer coat. He imparted the idea of never being put out over any earthly thing. The movement displayed his cool white waistcoat, across which fell a dainty gold chain with its hanging seal, transparent sapphire, of rare and costly beauty.

"You have begun summer early!" remarked the doctor, glancing at Captain Bohun's attire.

The clothes were of a delicate shade of gray; looking remarkably cool and nice in conjunction with the white waistcoat. Captain Bohun was always dressed well: it seemed a part and parcel of himself. To wear the rude and rough attire that some men affect now-a-days, would have been against his instincts.

"Don't sit on that stool of penitence: take the patients' chair," said the doctor, pointing to an elbow-chair opposite the window.

"But I am not a patient."

"No. Or you'd be at the opposition shop over the way."

Arthur Bohun laughed. "It was of the opposition shop I came to speak to you—if I came for anything. Where's Alexander? Is he keeping out of the way; or is he really gone to London as people say?"

"I know nothing of him," returned Dr. Rane. "Look here—I was reading the account they give in the newspaper. Is this last hint true?"—holding out the journal—"that a clue has been obtained to the writer of the letter?"

Arthur Bohun ran his eyes over the sentence to which the doctor's finger pointed.

"No, this has no foundation," he promptly answered. "At least so far as the Hall is concerned. As yet we have not found any clue whatever."

"I thought so. These newsmongers put forth lies by the bushel. Just as we might, if we had to cater for an unsatiably curious public. But I fear I must be going out."

Arthur Bohun brought down the fore-legs of the stool, which he had kept on the tilt, rose, and said a word of apology for having kept him from his patients. His was essentially a courteous nature, sensitively regardful of other people's feelings; as men of great innate refinement are sure to be.

They went into the dining-room, Dr. Rane having left his hat there, and passed out together by the large bay-window. The doctor crossed at once to a door in the wall that bound the premises at the back, and made his exit to the lane beyond, leaving Arthur Bohun in the garden.

A garden that on a summer's day seemed as a very paradise. With its clustering shrubs, its overhanging trees, its leafy glades, its shrubberies, its miniature rocks, its sweet repose, its sweeter flowers. Seated in a remote part of it was one of the loveliest girls that eye had ever looked upon. She wore a morning dress of light-colored muslin, with an edging of lace on her neck and wrists. Slight, gentle, charming, with a very peculiar look of grace and refinement, a stranger would have been almost startled at her beauty. It was a delightful face; the features clearly cut; the complexion soft, pure, and delicate, paling and flushing with every emotion. In the dark brown eyes there was a singularly sweet expression; the dark brown hair took a lustrously bright tinge in the sunlight.

A natural arbor of trees and branches had been formed overhead where she sat on the garden bench, behind a rustic table. Before her, at a short distance, a falling cascade trickled down the artificial rocks, and thence wound away, a tiny stream, amidst ferns, violets, primroses, and other wild plants. A plot of green grass, smooth and soft as the moss of the rocks, lay immediately at hand, and glimpses of statelier flowers were caught through the trees. Their rich perfume came wafting in a sudden breeze to the girl's senses, and she looked up gracefully from the work she was busy over; some small matter of silken embroidery.

And now you could see the exceeding refinement and delicacy of the face, the pleasant expression of the soft bright eyes. A bird lodged itself on a branch close by, and began a song. Her lips parted with a smile of greeting. By way of rewarding it, off he flew, dipped his beak into the running stream, and soared away out of her sight. As is the case sometimes in life.

On the table lay a handful of violets, picked short off at the blossoms. Almost unconsciously, as it seemed, her thoughts far away, she began toying with them, and fell insensibly into the French school-girl's play, telling off the flowers. "Does he love me?" was the first momentous question; and then began the pastime, a blossom being told off with every answer. "Oui. Non. Un peu. Beaucoup. Pas du tout. Passionnement." And so the round went on and on again, until the last violet was reached. It came, as chance had it, with the last word, and she, in an access of rapture, her soft cheeks glowing, her sweet lips parting, caught up the flower and put it into her bosom.

"He loves me passionately!"

Ah, foolish girl! The oracle seemed as true as if it had come direct from heaven. But can we not remember the ecstasy such necromancy once brought to us?

With her blushes deepening as she woke, starting, into reality; with a smile at her own folly; with a shrinking sense of maiden shame for indulging in the pastime, she pushed the violets into a heap, threaded a needleful of green floss silk, and went on with her work soberly. A few minutes, and then either eye or ear was attracted by something ever so far off, and she sat quite still. Quite still outwardly; but oh! the sudden emotion that arose like a lightning flash within!—for she knew the footsteps. Every vein was tingling; every pulse was throbbing; the pink on her cheeks deepened to a very sea of crimson; the life-blood of her heart rushed wildly on, and she laid her hand upon her bosom to still it.

He was passing straight on from Dr. Rane's to the other house, when he caught a glimpse of her dress through the trees, and turned aside. Nothing could have been quieter or more undemonstrative than the meeting; and yet a shrewd observer, skilled in secrets, had not failed to read the history—that both alike loved. Captain Bohun went up, calm as befitted a well-bred man; shaking hands after the fashion of society, and apparently with as little interest; but on his face the flush also shone in all its tell-tale brightness; the hand that touched hers thrilled almost to pain. She had risen to receive him; she was just as calm outwardly as he, but her senses were in one maze of wild confusion.

She began to go on with her work again in a sort of hurried, trembling fashion when he sat down. The day, for her, had turned to Eden; the flowers were brighter, the song of the birds was sweeter, the trees were of a golden green, like unto emeralds; all things seemed to discourse a sweet music.

True love—idealistic, passionate, pure love—is not fluent of speech, whatever the world may say, or poets teach. Dr. Rane and Miss North thought they loved each other; and so they did, after a sensible, sober, plain manner; they could have conversed with mutual fluency forever and a day; but their love was not *this* love. It is the custom of modern writers to ignore it; the prevailing fashion is to be matter-of-fact; realistic; people don't talk of love now and of course don't feel it; the capability of it has died out; modes have changed. Ah me! what a false age it is! as if we could put off human nature as we do a garment!

Captain Bohun was the first to break the silence. *She* had been content to live in it by his side forever; it was more eloquent, too, than his words were.

"What a fine day it is, Ellen!"

"I think summer has come; we shall scarcely have it warmer than this in July. And oh, how lovely everything is!"

"It was hot yesterday. I had a ride of ten miles between green hedges on which the May is beginning to blossom. Envious darkness had shut the world out before I got home."

"And I sat out here all the afternoon," she answered—and perhaps she unconsciously spoke more in pursuance of the thought that she had sat out, waiting and hoping for him, than to give the information. "Where did you go, Arthur?"

"To Bretchley. Some of my old brother-officers are quartered there; and I spent the day with them. What's that for?"

He alluded to the piece of work. She smiled as she held it out in her right hand, on the third finger of which was a plain gold ring. A small piece of white canvas, with a pink rose and part of a green leaf already worked upon it in bright floss silk.

"Guess."

"Nay, how can I? For a doll's cushion?"

"Oh, Arthur!" came the laughing exclamation. "If I tell you, you must keep counsel, mind that, for it is a secret, and I am working at it under difficulties, out of Mrs. Cumberland's sight. Don't you think I have done a great deal? I only began it yesterday."

"Well, what's it for?" he asked, putting his hand underneath it, as an excuse perhaps for touching the fingers it was in. "A fire-screen for pretty faces?"

The young lady shook her head. "It is for a kettle-holder."

"A kettle-holder! What a prosy ending!"

"It is for Mrs. Cumberland's invalid kettle that she keeps in her bed-room. The handle got hot a day or two ago, and she burnt her hand. I shall put it on some morning to surprise her."

There ensued a pause of silence. Half their intercourse was made up of pauses: the eloquent language of true love. Captain Bohun, thinking how kindly natured was the girl by his side, played abstractedly with the heap of sweet blossoms lying on the table.

"What have you been doing with all these violets, Ellen?"

"Nothing," she replied; and down fell the scissors. But that she stooped at once, Captain Bohun might have seen the sudden flush on the delicate face, and wondered at it: a flush of remembrance. *Il m'aime passionnement.* Well, so he did.

"Please don't entangle my silk, Captain Bohun."

He laughed as he put down the skein, one of a bright gold color. "Shall I help you to wind it, Ellen?"

"Thank you, but we don't wind floss silk. It would deaden its beauty. Arthur! do you know that the swallows have come?"

"The swallows have! Then this summer weather will stay with us, for those birds have a sure instinct. It is early for them to be here."

"I saw one this morning. It may be only an avant courier, come to report on the weather to the rest."

She laughed slightly at her own words, and there ensued another pause. Captain Bohun broke it.

"What a shocking thing this is about Edmund North!"

"What is a shocking thing?" she asked with indifference, going on with her work as she spoke. Arthur Bohun, who was busy again with the pale blue violets, scarcely more blue than his own eyes, lifted his face and looked at her.

"I mean altogether. The illness; the letter; the grief at home. It is all shocking."

"Is Edmund North ill? I did not know it."

"Ellen!"

Living in the very atmosphere of the illness, amidst its sea of bustle, distress and

BRITISH AMERICA: ENCAMPMENT OF CREE INDIANS.

The Cree Indians are less distant from the abodes of civilized man than the Eskimos or the Kutchin. They have also been accustomed, for more than a hundred years, to the visits of the Canadian or United States hunters, in their search for furs. Still, they have not yet the least touch of civilization.

Their climate, however, and their hunting ground, are far preferable to those of the more northern tribes. Mr. Budd, the mission ary at Nepowewin, himself an Indian, wrote in March, 1853:—"The Indians are busy this morning in putting up a large tent, where they intend to keep their feast and dance. The first feast is to be in honor of their god Pahkuk, for having preserved, as they believe, the Indians through the last winter, and given them plenty of animals to live upon."

All this portion of British America is capable of subsisting a large population.

attendant facts, to Arthur Bohun it seemed almost an impossibility that she should be in ignorance of it.

"Why, what has Rane been about, not to tell you?"

"I don't know. What is the matter with Edmund North?"

Captain Bohun explained the illness and its cause. Her work dropped on her knee as she listened; her face grew pale with interest. She never once interrupted him; every sympathetic feeling within her was aroused to warm indignation.

"An anonymous letter!" she at length exclaimed. "That's worse than a stab."

"A fellow, writing one of malice, puts himself beyond the pale of decent society: shooting would be too good for him," quietly remarked Captain Bohun. "Here comes a summons for you, I expect, Ellen."

Even so. One of the maids approached, saying, Mrs. Cumberland was down-stairs. Captain Bohun would perforce have taken his departure; but Miss Adair invited him in—"to tell the sad story to Mrs. Cumberland." Only too glad was he of any plea that kept him by her.

Putting her work away in her pocket, she took the arm that was held out, and they went wandering through the garden. Lingering by the cascade, dreaming in the dark cypress walk, standing over the beds of beautiful flowers. A seductive time; life's gala summer; but a time that never stays, for the biting frosts of winter and reality succeed it surely and swiftly.

Nothing had been said between them, but each was conscious of what the other felt. Neither had whispered in so many words, "I love you." Ellen did not hint that she had watched for him the whole of the past live-long day with love's sick longing; he did not confess how lost the day had been to him, how worse than weary, because it did not give him a sight of her. These avowals might come in time, but they would not be needed.

Stepping in through the middle doors of the bay-window, as Arthur Bohun had made his exit from the opposite one, they looked round for Mrs. Cumberland, and did not see her. She was in the drawing-room on the other side of the small hall, sitting near the Gothic windows that faced the road. A pale, reticent, lady-like woman, always suffering; but making more of her sufferings than she need have done—as her son, Dr. Rane, not over-dutifully thought. Her eyes were light and cold; her flaxen hair, banded smoothly under a cap, was turning gray. But that Mrs. Cumberland was entirely occupied with self, and but little with her ward, Ellen Adair, she might have noticed before now the suggestive intimacy between that young lady and Arthur Bohun.

"Captain Bohun is here, Mrs. Cumberland," said Ellen, when they entered. "He has some very sad news to tell you."

"And the extraordinary part of the business is, that you should not have heard it before," added Arthur, as he shook hands with Mrs. Cumberland.

Mrs. Cumberland's rich black silk gown rustled a very little as she responded to the greeting; but there was no smile on her gray face, her cold eyes wore no brighter light. In her way, she was glad to see him; that is, she had no objection to see him; but gladness and Mrs. Cumberland seemed to have parted company. The suffering that arises from chronic pain makes a selfish nature doubly selfish.

"What is the news that Ellen speaks of, Captain Bohun?"

He stood leaning against the mantel-piece as he told the tale. Told it sytematically; the first advent of the anonymous letter to Mr. North; the angry, passionate spirit in which Edmund North had taken it up; his stormy interview with the surgeon, Alexander; the subsequent attack, and the hopelessness in which he was lying. For once, Mrs. Cumberland was aroused to feel sympathy in another's sufferings; she listened with painful interest.

"And it was *Oliver* who was called in first to Edmund North!" she presently exclaimed, with inquiring emphasis, as if unable to credit the fact.

"Yes."

"But how was it he did not step in here afterwards to tell me the news?" added she, resentfully.

Captain Bohun could not answer that so readily. Ellen Adair, ever ready to find a charitable excuse for the world, turned to Mrs. Cumberland.

"Dr. Rane may have had to see patients. Perhaps he did not get home until too late to come here."

"Yes, he did; I saw his lamp burning before ten o'clock," was Mrs. Cumberland's answer. "Ah! this is another proof that I am being forgotten," she went on, bitterly. "When a woman has seen fifty years of life, she is old in the sight of her children, and they go then their own way in the world, leaving her to neglect."

"But, dear Mrs. Cumberland, Dr. Rane does not neglect you," said Ellen, struck with the injustice of the complaint. "He is ever the first to come in and amuse you with what news he knows."

"And in this instance he may have kept silence from a good motive—the wish to spare you pain," added Captain Bohun.

"True, true," murmured Mrs. Cumberland, her mind taking a more reasonable track. "Oliver has always been dutiful."

On departure, Captain Bohun crossed the road to Mr. Alexander's; a slight limp being visible in his gait. The mystery that appeared to be surrounding the surgeon's movements at present, puzzled him not a little; his prolonged absence seemed unaccountable. The surgery, through which he entered, was empty, and he opened the door leading from it to the house. A maid-servant met him.

"Is Mr. Alexander at home?"

"No, sir."

"Papa's gone to London," called out a young gentleman of ten, who came running along the passage, cracking a whip. "He went last night. They sent for him."

"Who sent for him?" asked Captain Bohun.

"The people. Mamma's gone too. They are coming home to-day; and mamma's going to bring me a Chinese puzzle and a box of chocolate if she had time to buy them."

Not much information, this. As Captain Bohun turned out again he stood at the door, wishing he had a decent plea to take him over to Mrs. Cumberland's again. He was an idle man; living only in the sweet pastime of making that silent love.

But Mrs. North never suspected that he was making it, or knew that he was intimate at Mrs. Cumberland's. Still less did she suspect that Mrs. Cumberland had a young lady inmate named Ellen Adair. It would have startled her to terror.

CHAPTER III.

IN MRS. GASS'S PARLOR.

Early on the following morning the ringing out of the death-bell from the church at Dallory proclaimed to those who heard it that Edmund North had passed to his rest. He had never recovered consciousness, and died some thirty-six hours after the attack.

Amidst those who did not hear it was Oliver Rane. He had been called out at daybreak to a country patient in an opposite direction, getting back between eight and nine o'clock.

He sat at his breakfast in the dining-room, unconscious of the morning's calamity. Hot coffee, broiled ham, two eggs. The table stood in front of the large bay-window.

"She has done it too much—stupid thing!" exclaimed Dr. Rane, cutting the slice of ham in two and apostrophising his unconscious servant. "Yesterday it was hardly warmed through. Just like them!—make a complaint, and they rush to the other extreme. I wonder how things are going on there this morning?"

He glanced up towards the distant quarter where the Hall was situated, for his query had reference to Edmund North; and this gave him the opportunity of seeing something else. A woman getting on for forty, tall enough for a may-pole, with inquisitive green eyes, sallow cheeks remarkably thin, as if she had lost her back teeth, and a bunch of black ringlets on either side her face. She wore the white apron and cap of a servant, but looked one of a superior class. Emerging from the opposite window, she stepped across the wire fence and approached Dr. Rane.

"What does Jelly want now?" he mentally asked.

Jelly! A curious name, no doubt, but it was hers. Fanny Jelly. When Mrs. Cumberland had engaged her as upper maid, she decided to call her by the latter name, Fanny being her own.

Jelly entered without ceremony—she was not given to observe much at the best of times. She had come to say that he need not provide anything for his dinner: her mistress meant to send him in a fowl—if he would accept it.

"With pleasure, tell her," said Dr. Rane. "How is my mother this morning, Jelly?"

"She has had a good night, and is pretty tolerable this morning," replied Jelly, giving a backward fling to her flying cap-strings—for she did not follow the new fashion of a round bit of net on the back hair and call it a cap. "The foreign letters have come in; two for her, one for Miss Adair."

Dr. Rane, not particularly interested in the said foreign letters, went on eating his breakfast. Jelly, with characteristic composure, stood at ease just inside the window watching the process.

"That ham is dried up to fiddle-strings," she suddenly said.

"Yes. Phillis has done it too much."

"And I should like to have the doing of her!" spoke Jelly in a wrathful tone. "It is a sin to spoil good food."

"So it is," said Dr. Rane.

"So that poor young man's gone!" she resumed as he cracked an egg.

The doctor lifted his head quickly. "What young man?"

"Edmund North. He died at half-past seven this morning."

"Who says it?" cried Dr. Rane, a startled look crossing his face and eyes.

"The milkman told me: he heard the passing-bell toll out. You needn't be surprised, sir: there has been no hope from the first."

"But there has been hope," disputed the doctor. "There was hope yesterday at midday, there was hope last night. I don't believe he is dead."

"Well, sir, then you must disbelieve it," equably answered Jelly; but she glanced keenly out at him from her green eyes. "Edmund North is as certainly dead as that I stand here."

He seemed strangely moved at the tidings: a quiver stirred his lips, the color in his face faded to whiteness. Jelly, having looked as much as she chose, turned to depart.

"Then we are to send in the fowl, sir?"

"Yes, yes."

"Tell Phillis it will be all ready for the spit."

He watched her dreamily as she crossed the low fence and disappeared within her proper domains; he pushed the ham, not eaten, from him, he turned sick at the underdone egg whose shell had just been broken. What, though he preferred eggs underdone in calm times? calm times were not these. The news did indeed trouble him in no measured degree: it was so sad for a man in the prime of early life to be cut off thus: Edmund North was but a year or two older than himself: two days ago he had been as full of health and life, deep in the plans and projects of this world, thinking little of the next. Sad? it was horrible. And Dr. Rane's breakfast was spoiled for that day.

He got up to walk the room restlessly: he looked at himself in the chimney glass: possibly to see how the news might have affected his features; in all he did there was a hurried confused kind of motion, betraying that the mind must be in a state of perturbation. By-and-by he snatched up his hat, and went forth, taking the direction of the Hall.

"I ought to call. It will look well for me to call. It is a civility I owe them," he kept repeating at intervals, as he strode along. Just as though he thought in his inmost heart he ought *not* to call, and were seeking arguments to excuse to himself his doing so.

How eager he was to be there and see and hear all that was transpiring, he alone knew. No power could have stopped him, whether to go were suitable or unsuitable; for he had a strong will. He did not take the lane this time, but went straight along the high road, turning in at the iron gates, and up the chestnut avenue. The young green of the trees was beautiful; birds sang on their branches; the blue sky flickered through the waving leaves. Winding on, Dr. Rane met Thomas Hepburn, the undertaker and carpenter: a sickly-looking but very intelligent and respectable man.

"Is it you, Hepburn?"

"Yes, sir; I've been in to take the orders. What an awful thing it is!" he continued in a low tone, glancing round at the closed windows, as if fearful they might detect what he was saying. "The scoundrel that wrote the letter ought to be tried for murder when they discover him. And they are safe to do that, sooner or later."

"The writer could have done no great harm but for Edmund North's allowing himself to go into that fatal passion."

"An anonymous writer is—an anonymous writer," rejoined Hepburn with scorn. "They say there'll not be an inquest."

"An inquest!" repeated the doctor, to whom the idea of one had never occurred. "There's no necessity for an inquest."

"Well, I suppose the law would in strictness exact it. But Mr. North is against it, and it's thought his wishes will be respected."

"Any of the doctors can furnish a certificate of the cause of death. I could give it myself."

"Yes of course. But I've got no time to stay talking," added the undertaker. "Good-day to you, sir."

The next to come forth from the house was Alexander, the surgeon. Dr. Rane rubbed his eyes, almost thinking they deceived him. The medical man shook hands; and Mr. Alexander—a little man with dark hair—explained what had seemed unexplainable.

It appeared that the very same evening post which brought Mr. North the anonymous letter, had brought one to Mr. Alexander. His was from London, informing him that he had been appointed to a post connected with one of the hospitals, and requesting him to go up *at once* for a few hours. Mr. Alexander made ready, got a fly, and started with his wife for the station, bidding the driver halt at Mr. North's iron gates. As he was in attendance at that time on Edmund North, he wished to give notice of his temporary absence. To be attacked furiously by Edmund North the moment he got inside the doors, and, as it seemed to him, without rhyme or reason, put Mr. Alexander into a bit of a passion also. There was no time for elucidation, neither was a single word he said listened to, and the surgeon hastened out to his waiting fly. He had returned by the first train this morning—London was not much more than an hour's journey by rail—and found that Edmund North had died of that self-same passion. Half paralyzed with grief and horror, Mr. Alexander hastened to the Hall; and was now coming from it, having fully exculpated himself in all ways in the sight of its master. Nearly as fully he spoke now to Dr. Rane; in his grief, in his straightforward candor, nothing selfish or sinister could hide itself.

The transaction in regard to drawing the bill had been wholly Edmund North's. Some few months ago, he had sought Mr. Alexander, saying he was in want of a sum of money,—a hundred pounds; he did not know how to put his hand just then upon it, not wishing to apply to his own family; would he, the surgeon, like a good fellow, lend it? At first, Mr. Alexander had excused himself; for one thing he had not the money—fancy a poor, country surgeon, with a hundred pounds loose cash, he said: but eventually he fell in with Edmund North's pleadings. A bill was drawn, both of them being liable, and was discounted by Dale, the lawyer of Whitborough. When the bill had become due (about a week ago) neither of them could meet it; and the matter was arranged with Dale by a second bill.

"What I cannot understand is, how Edmund North, poor fellow, could have pitched upon me as the writer of the letter," observed the surgeon to Dr. Rane, when he had finished his recital. "He must have gone clean daft to think it. I had no cause to disclose it; I did not fear but he would eventually meet the bill."

"I told them you could not have written it," quietly rejoined the doctor.

Mr. Alexander brought down his hand on a tree-branch with angry emphasis. "Rane, I'd give a thousand pounds out of my pocket—if I were a rich man, and had it—to know who wrote the letter and worked the mischief. I never disclosed the transaction to a living soul; I don't believe Edmund North did: besides us, it was known only to the discounter. Dale is a safe man; so it seems a regular mystery. And mark you, Rane—that letter was written to damage *me* at the Hall, not Edmund North."

Dr. Rane gazed at the other in great surprise. "To damage you?"

"It is the view I take of it. And so, on reflection, does Richard North."

"Nonsense, Alexander!"

"If ever the hidden particulars see daylight, you will find that it is not nonsense, but truth," was the surgeon's answer. "I must have some enemies in the neighborhood, I suppose; most professional men have; and they no doubt hoped to do for me with Mr. North. The Norths in a degree away other people here, and so I should have lost my practice, and been driven away."

Oliver Rane had raised his cane, and was lightly flicking the shrubbery by which he stood, his air that of one in deep thought.

"I confess I do not follow you, Alexander. Your ill-doing and well-doing is nothing to Mr. North; his son's of course was. If you lived by drawing bills, it could be no concern of his."

"The drawing of bills on my own score would certainly be of no moment to Mr. North; but the drawing them *in conjunction with his son* would be. Upon which of us would he naturally lay the blame? Upon a young, heedless man, as Edmund North was, or upon me, a middle-aged, established member of society, with a home and a family? The case speaks for itself."

Oliver Rane did not appear to see it. He thought the probability lay against Mr. Alexander's theory, rather than with it. "Of course," he slowly said, "looking at it in that light, the letter would tell either way. But I think you must be wrong."

"No, I am not. Whoever wrote that missive did it to injure me. I seemed to see it, as by an instinct, the minute Mr. North gave me the letter to read. If the motive was to drive me from Dallory, it might have been spared and Edmund North saved; for I am going to quit it of my own accord."

"To quuit Dallory?"

"In a month's time from this, I and mine will have left it for London. The situation now given to me I have been trying for, under the rose, these six months past."

"But why do you wish to quit Dallory?"

"To better myself, as the servants say," replied Mr. Alexander, "and the move will do that considerably. Another reason is, that my wife dislikes Dallory. Madam turned her nose up at us socially when we first settled here; and that in a degree, kept the best society closed to Mrs. Alexander. She is well-born, has been reared a lady: and of course it was enough to set her against the place. Besides, all our friends are in London. And so, you see, if my exit into the wilderness was what that anonymous individual was driving at, he might have gained his ends without crime, had he waited but a short while."

"I hate Mrs. North," dreamily spoke Dr. Rane. "And I am sure she hates me—though the wherefore is to me incomprehensible."

"Look there," spoke the surgeon, dropping his voice.

Both had, simultaneously, caught sight of Mrs. North. She was passing the shrubbery close by, and looked out at them. They raised their hats. Mr. Alexander made a movement to approach her; she saw it, and turned again to the dark walk, with her usual sweeping step. So he remained where he was.

"She asked to see me on Tuesday night when I was leaving; wanting to know if I could tell her who wrote the letter," said Dr. Rane.

"She suspected me, I suppose."

"She appeared to suspect—*not* you, but somebody else. And that was Richard North."

"Richard North!" ironically repeated Mr. Alexander. "She knows quite well that he is above suspicion. Perhaps she was only trying to divert attention from some other. She is made up of craft. Who knows but she wrote the letter herself?"

"Mrs. North!"

"Upon my word and honor the thought is in my mind, Rane. If the motive of the letter were as you think—to do Edmund North damage with his father—I know of only one person who would attempt it, and that is Mrs. North."

Their eyes met. A strange light shone momentarily in Oliver Rane's. In saying that he hated Mrs. North, he spoke truth; but there was every excuse for the feeling; for it was quite certain that Mrs. North had long been working him what ill she could. His marriage with Bessy was being delayed and delayed entirely through her covert opposition.

"That she is an entirely unscrupulous woman and would stand at nothing, I feel sure," spoke Dr. Rane, drawing a deep breath. "But, as to the letter—"

"Well—as to the letter?" spoke the surgeon in the pause come to. "I don't say she foresaw that it would kill him."

"This would disprove your theory of its being written to damage you, Alexander."

"Not altogether. The damaging another more or less would be of no moment at all to Mrs. North. She'd crush anybody without scruple."

"I'm sure she'd crush me," spoke the surgeon. "Heaven knows for why: I don't."

"Well, if she did write the letter, I think her conscience must smite her as she looks at the poor dead man lying there. Good-day, Rane. I have not been home to see my little ones yet. Mrs. Alexander is remaining in town for a day or two."

In talking, they had walked slowly to the end of the avenue. Mr. Alexander passed through the gates and took the road towards the Ham.

"I may as well go on at once, and see Ketler," thought Dr. Rane. "Time enough to call at the Hall as I return."

So he went on towards Dallory. Two gentlemen passed him on horseback, county magistrates, who were probably going to the Hall. The sight of them turned his thoughts to the subject of an inquest: he began speculating why Mr. North wished to evade it—and if he would succeed. For his own part, he did not see that the case, speaking in point of law, called for one. Hepburn said it did: and he was supposed, as undertaker in chief to Dallory, to understand these things.

Deep in reflection, the doctor strode on; when, in passing Mrs. Gass's house a sharp tapping at the window saluted his ear. It came from that lady herself, and she flung up the sash.

"Just come in, will you, Dr. Rane? I want you for something very particular."

He felt sure she only wanted to question him about the death; and would a great deal rather have gone on. But with her red and smiling face inviting him in peremptorily, he did not see his way clear to refuse.

"And so he is *gone*—that poor young man!" she began, meeting him in her smart dress and pink cap. "When I heard the death-bell strike out this morning, it sounded to me a'most like my own knell."

"Yes, he is gone—unhappily," murmured Dr. Rane.

"Well now, doctor, the next thing is—what became of you yesterday?"

The transition of subject appeared peculiar.

"Became of me?" repeated Dr. Rane. "How do you mean?"

"All the mortal day I was stuck at this here parlor window, waiting to see you go by," proceeded Mrs. Gass. "You never passed once."

"Yes, I did. I passed by in the morning."

"My eyes must have gone a-maving then, for they never saw you," was Mrs. Gass's answer.

"It was before my usual hour. I was called out early to a sick man in Dallory, and took the opportunity to see Ketler at the same time."

"Then that accounts for the milk in the cocoanuts; and I wasted my time for nothing," was her good-tempered rejoinder.

"Why did you want to see me pass?"

Mrs. Gass paused for a moment before replying. She glanced round to see that the door was closed, and dropped her voice nearly to a whisper.

"Dr. Rane, who wrote that letter?"

"I cannot tell."

"Did *you?*"

Oliver Rane stared at her, a sudden flush of anger dyeing his brow. No wonder: the question, put with emphatic earnestness, seemed an assertion, almost like that startling reproach of Nathan to David.

"Mrs. Gass, I do not know what you mean."

"I see you don't relish it, doctor. But I am a plain body, as you know; and when in doubt about a thing, pleasant or unpleasant, I like to ask an explanation straight out."

"But why should you be in doubt about this?" he inquired, wonderingly. "What can induce you to connect me with the letter?"

Mrs. Gass took her portly person across the room to a desk; unlocked it, and brought forth a folded piece of paper. She handed it to Dr. Rane.

It was not a letter; it could not be the copy of one: but it did appear to be the rough sketch of the anonymous missive that had reached Mr. North. Some of the sentences were written two or three times over; in a close hand, in a scrawling hand, in a reversed hand, as if the writer were practising different styles; in others the construction was altered, words were erased, different ones substituted. Oliver Rane gazed upon it like one in complete bewilderment.

"What *is* this, Mrs. Gass?"

"Is it not the skeleton of the letter?"

"No, certainly not. And yet—" Dr. Rane broke off and ran his eyes over the lines again and again. "There is a similarity in some of the phrases," he suddenly said.

"Some of the phrases is identical," returned Mrs. Gass. "When Richard North was here yesterday, I got him to repeat over to me the words of the letter; word for word, so far as he remembered 'em, and I knew 'em for *these* words. Whoever writ that letter to Mr. North, doctor, first of all tried his sentences and his hand on this paper, practising how he could best do it."

"How did you come by this?"

"You left it here the night before last."

"*I* left it here!" repeated Dr. Rane, looking as if he mentally questioned whether Mrs. Gass was in her right senses.

"Yes. You."

"But you must be dreaming, Mrs. Gass."

"I never do dream—that sort of dreaming," replied Mrs. Gass. "Look here!—putting her fat hand, covered with valuable rings, on his coat-sleeve—"didn't you upset your pocket-book here that night? Well, this piece of paper fell out of it."

"It could not have done anything of the sort," he repeated, getting flushed and angry again. "All the papers that fell out of my pocket-book I picked up and returned to it."

"You didn't pick up this; it must have fluttered away unseen. Just after you were gone I dropped my spectacle-case, and in stooping for it, I saw this piece of paper lying in the shade of the table's claw."

"But it could not have come out of my pocket-book. Just tell me if you please, Mrs. Gass, what should bring such a document in my possession?"

"That's just what I can't tell. The paper was not there before candle-light; I'll answer for that much; so where else could it have come from?"

The last words were not spoken as an assertion of her view, but as a question. Dr. Rane looked at her, she at him; both seeming equally puzzled.

"Had you any visitor last evening besides myself?" he asked.

"Not a soul. The only person who came into the parlor, barring my own servants, was Molly Green, under-housemaid at the Hall. She lived with me once, and calls in sometimes in passing to ask how I am. They sent her into Dallory for something wanted at the chemist's, and she looked in to tell me. The thing had just happened."

Dr. Rane's brow lost its perplexity: an easy smile, as if the mystery were solved, crossed his face. The hint, recently given him by Mr. Alexander, was in his mind.

"I am glad you've told me this, Mrs. Gass. The paper was more likely to have been left by Molly Green than by me. It may have dropped from her petticoats."

"Goodness bless the man! From her petticoats! Why she had run all the way from the Hall. And how was she likely to pick it up in *that* house—even though her gown-hem had been finished off with pot-hooks?"

"What cause have I given you to suspect *me* of this?" retorted Dr. Rane in a harsh tone.

"Only this—that I don't see where the paper could have come from but out of your own pocket-book," replied Mrs. Gass frankly. "I have no other cause to suspect you; I'd as soon suspect myself. It is just a mystery and nothing else."

"Whatever the mystery may be it is not connected with my pocket-book, Mrs. Gass," he emphatically said. "Did you mention this to Richard North?"

"No. Nor to anybody else. It was not a pleasant thing to speak of, you see."

"Not a pleasant thing for me, certainly, to be suspected of having dropped that paper. The culprit, an innocent one, no doubt, must have been Molly Green."

"I never was so brought up in all my life," cried the puzzled woman. "As to Molly Green—it must be just a fancy of yours, doctor, for it never can be fact."

Oliver Rane drew his chair a little nearer to Mrs. Gass and whispered a word of the doubt touching Mrs. North. He only spoke of it *as* a doubt; a hint at most: but Mrs. Gass was not slow to take it.

"Heaven help the woman!—if it's her work."

"But this must not be breathed aloud," he said, taking alarm. "It may be a false suspicion."

"Don't fear me: it's a thing too grave for me to mix myself up in," was the reply: and to give Mrs. Gass her due, she did look scared in no slight degree. "Dr. Rane, I am sorry for saying what I did to you. It was the impossibility, as I took it, of anything's having left it here but that flutter of papers from your pocket-book. Who ever would have gave a thought to Molly Green?"

Dr. Rane made no answer.

"She put her basket down by the door there, and came up the room to look at my geraniums; I held the candle for her. I remember she caught her crinoline on the corner of the iron fender, and it gave her a twist round. The idiots that girls make of theirselves with them big crinolines! Perhaps it dropped from her then."

"Well, let us bury it in silence, Mrs. Gass; it is but a doubt at best," said the prudent but less eloquent physician. "You will allow me to take this?" he added, alluding to the paper. "I should like to examine it at leisure."

"Take it, and welcome," she answered; "I'm glad to be rid of it." "As to burying it in silence, we had better, I expect, both do that."

"Even to Richard North," he enjoined rather anxiously.

"Even to Richard North. I have kept secrets in my day, doctor, and can again."

Dr. Rane put the paper in his pocket-book, deposited that in the breast pocket of his coat, and took his departure. But now, being a shrewd man, a suspicion that he would not have given utterance to for the whole world, lay on Dr. Rane—that it was more likely, more in accordance with probability, the paper had dropped out of his pocket-book than from Molly Green's petticoats, seeing they were *not* finished off with fish-hooks.

A heavy weight, lying there on his breast! And he went along with a loitering step, asking himself how the paper could have originally come there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—It is no unusual thing for stablemen to leave mixtures of lampblack and oil standing about their stables after using. In a recent conversation with one of our members, a leading dealer in paints and oils, our attention was called to the fact that partial mixtures of lampblack and oil would in a short time take fire by spontaneous combustion; and that this also applied to mixtures of all calcine paints. Does not this fact account for the frequency of fires in stables, where the origin is attributed to other causes?—*Our Dumb Animals.*

☞ The Boston Advertiser says, "No pains were spared to make the Philadelphia hail-storm successful."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large *Premium* Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE SPHERE OF LAW.

The bill to legalize marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, after passing the British House of Commons by a large majority, has been defeated in the House of Lords by a majority of four votes.

It appears to us that this is one of those matters with which law should have nothing to do. And the number of such subjects is, we apprehend, much greater than is generally supposed.

It is a common fault, as it seems to us, of all parties and all kinds of people, not to be satisfied with doing what they think right themselves, but to be always endeavoring, by the aid of law or a stringent public opinion, to compel others to do likewise.

They seem to imagine that when they have settled in their minds that it is the moral or religious duty of a man to act in a given way, it follows as a matter of course that he should be legally compelled to do so.

But they should remember that other men have the same right to judge as to what is religious and moral, as they have themselves—and that even in cases where the great majority agree upon these points, it does not follow that it is always wise or expedient to interfere with the action of others.

For instance, it may be the duty of all men to worship their Creator, and attend church every Sunday, and pay for the support of said church, and, in the old times, men were compelled by law to join and attend and support the established church. But in these latter days we hold it wiser,—even those of us who believe that there can be no doubt as to a man's duty—not to interfere by law with the exercise of freedom of action in this respect.

Now as to this matter of marrying a deceased wife's sister, it seems to us one of that large class of subjects to which we have referred. Many of the English people think such matrimonial connections morally wrong—well, let them avoid them. Others think they are innocent, and often highly expedient—well, let these persons also be allowed to act as they think best.

We in this country have happily passed that bigoted period when the law was continually invoked to prohibit this false belief or that false doctrine; but we are still in the period when law is perpetually called upon to meddle with actions which, be they right or wrong, are man's private affairs. Why cannot people be satisfied with going their own way, without wishing to compel all others to go in the same direction? Why should not every man grant to others, as far as it is possible, the same liberty of action which he claims for himself?

We are convinced that very little good is done by this constant interference of law in cases where the bad consequences of a man's actions mainly concern himself. As the laws of old time which proscribed heretical and unsound religious opinions only manufactured liars and hypocrites, and fettered the wings of science and intellectual progress, so the constant interference of modern law with the actions of men in cases which mainly concern themselves—like this matter of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife—is productive of vastly more evil than of good.

Let us have faith in Freedom—the natural liberty of man to think and act and live as he himself believes best, so far as he does not infringe upon the equal rights of others. As Man was created a Free Agent, let him live the life that God evidently designed for him. Let us frame our institutions thus in accordance with the evident plan of God. He made man, placed him in a world of temptations, and yet gave him Liberty to choose the good or the evil. Moral influence, religious influence, educational influence, all these are the potent weapons of Morality and Truth—but against mere meddling legal compulsion and physical restraint, the element of Free Agency in man always will oppose an active and obstinate resistance.

THE GREEK BRIGANDS.

If the outrage recently committed by Greek Brigands had been committed by the Turks, what an outcry we should have had relative to the folly of allowing the Mohammedans to pollute with their infidel feet the sacred soil of Christian Europe.

But the fact is, the Turks seem to be superior in very many respects, if recent travellers may be believed, to those who call themselves Christians, and live in their midst. The villages of the Turks are said to be far superior—especially in cleanliness—to the Christian villages. And the Turkish government, it would seem from this last experience, is far superior to the weak and imbecile government of the Greeks.

VACCINATION IN PARIS.—As there have been a number of cases of small-pox in Paris lately, re-vaccination has been largely practised. A Doctor Lannois has procured a cow infected with the cow-pox, and goes about town with the animal, using vaccine matter thus from the genuine source. There is great reason to believe that other diseases than cow-pox are often communicated by the use of vaccine matter obtained from the human system, and this plan of Doctor Lannois seems to be a very sensible one. There is too little care taken in this country especially, that the vaccine matter should be free from all injurious taints.

WESTERN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION. The second meeting of this Association will be held at Chicago, on the 8th and 9th of June next. Papers will be read on the subjects of Finance, Education, Jurisprudence, Crime, Pauperism, Deaf Mutes, Idiocy, Insanity, Public Charity, and other allied topics. The object of this and kindred societies, is not, as some may suppose, the promotion of any kind of Socialism, but "the definition and demonstration of the natural laws which govern the development, growth, and activity of communities of men."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOTHAIR. By the Right Honorable B. D'ISRAELI. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a very interesting work, and being by the late Prime Minister of England, has an importance it would not otherwise possess. We have not read so good a novel for a long time.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. From the German of Gottfried August Burger. By CHAS. J. LUKENS. Being a specimen of the "Ballads of Burger;" Translated and imitated in the Rhythm and Rhyme of the Original. Published by Collins, 705 Jayne street, Philadelphia. This is a spirited and well versified translation of one of Burger's most celebrated ballads.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST. A collection of Stories. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH; and her sister, Mrs. FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

CONSUELO. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND, Author of "The Countess of Rudolstadt," "Fanchon, the Cricket," etc. Translated from the French, by FAYETTE ROBINSON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

"THE MEN WHO ADVERTISE."—A book of two hundred and eight large octavo pages. Containing an account of successful advertisers, together with hints on the method of advertising, and advocating the newspaper as the only legitimate advertising medium. The "American Newspaper Rate-Book." Containing the advertising rates of leading American newspapers. Arranged with an index for the convenience of advertisers. The "American Newspaper Directory" for 1870. Containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada; together with a description of the towns in which they are published. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, publishers. All combined in one large octavo volume of 873 pages, printed on fine tinted book paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. Price $5 00.

The above titles so fully illustrate the character of this combined work, that we need only add that it is got up in a first rate manner.

THE ART REVIEW. An Exponent of Art for the People. April, 1870. Published by E. H. Trafton, 115 Madison street, Chicago.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For June. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. American Edition. April, 1870. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton street, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE, and Publishers Circular. May 16th, 1870. Published by George W. Childs, Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For May. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY. The June number has been received from the publishers, Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. For April, 1870. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

Cannibalism.

Some French soldiers were recently taken prisoners by the Kanaks, and one of them was killed and eaten. His comrades describe the process: "The Kanaks first decapitate their victim—a matter of no small difficulty, considering the bluntness of their hatchets. Ten to fifteen blows are necessary. The body is then hung up to a tree by the feet, and the blood allowed to run out for an hour. Meanwhile a hole, a yard and a half deep and a yard wide, is dug in the ground. The hole is lined with stones, and then in the midst of them a great fire is lighted. When the wood is burned down a little and glows with heat, it is covered with more stones. The man is then cleaned out and divided into pieces about a foot long, the hands and feet being thrown away as worthless. The pieces of the man are placed on the leaves of a large rose-tree peculiar to the tropics. The meat is surrounded with cocoanut, banana, and some other plants noted for their delicious flavor. The whole is tied together firmly; the fire is then removed from the pit, the meat is placed among the hot stones, and thus, carefully covered, is left to cook for an hour. Women do not partake of a warrior's feast. Men alone are permitted to enjoy so great an honor and so rare a delicacy."

Woman's Rights in America.

Mr. C. Biddle says in Lippincott's Magazine:—

"There is an eminent propriety in this woman's movement originating in America; not only because we are less bound than other nations by usages which have no merit except that of antiquity, nor because freedom and equality have always been our watchwords, and are now our practice, but because women's rights were recognised here when the country was first discovered. *The American Indian has always acknowledged woman's right to labor.* Every career which in her narrow circle could be obtained for her was opened. No species of labor, however arduous, was denied her. The warrior, in fact, rarely entrenched upon her privileges. While she labored he slept; when he had killed the game she bore it home on her shoulders; so that *life then presented a happy picture (!) of the most advanced theories of woman's rights.*

Wordsworth's Poetry.

All his poems taken together, his "Lyrics," his "Prelude," his "Borderers," his "White Doe of Rylstone," and his "Excursion," did not bring him in the long course of his life what Scott and Byron received for the worst of theirs. "The whole of my returns," he says, writing to his friend, Archdeacon Wrangham, "I do not say net profits, but returns from the writing trade, do not amount to seven score pounds;" and except Milton selling his manuscript of "Paradise Lost" for the price of a newspaper article, I know nothing more touching in the history of literature than Wordsworth's reflection toward the close of his career: "I have labored hard through a long life without more pecuniary emoluments than a lawyer gets for two special retainers, or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs." Yet this, as Wordsworth knew, was the price that he must pay for immortality, if he wished to base his chances of enduring fame on a theory of poetry too high for the critical intelligence of his own day; and he never flinched from the terms of his bond. His ambition was to be either considered a teacher, as he considered all great poets to be, or nothing; and that ambition, after a struggle, he has realized.

THERE is a woman out in Joliet, with a few emphatic ideas on the topics which agitate the bosoms of a portion of her sex, and she talks in this way: "I just don't believe in these new women notions. I have raised six boys—four of them vote now, and the others will soon be old enough. Then I will have six votes. Now these good-for-nothing women who have fooled their time away, and never raised a single boy, come around and want every woman to vote for herself. I don't believe in such nonsense. I have raised my six boys, and I am going to have every one vote for me. Those women who go lecturing around the country instead of raising boys, have no business to vote anyway. And when they say that they are just as good as I am, and have a right to vote themselves, if they have no boys to do so for them, it is not true. If they are as smart as I am, why did they not raise some boys to vote for them? I tell you, I do not intend to be cheated out of my six votes by any such good-for-nothing folks. I guess that the world would come to a pretty pass, in a mighty short time, if the women all took to goin' around lecturing on wimmin's rights, instead of raising boys."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales of 12,000 bbls at $4,75@5 for superfine; $5@5,25 for extra; $5,50@6 for Northwest extra family; $5,75@6,50 for Penna extra family; $6@6,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls Rye Flour sold at $5,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—20,000 bus Penna red sold at $1,38@1,43; 5000 bus prime Delaware red at $1,43@1,45; 18,000 bus Western red at $1,34@1,38; small lots white at $1,50@1,60 ₱ bus. Rye; 2500 bus at $1,03@1,04 for Western, and $1,06@1,08 for Penna. Corn; 40,000 bus Penna and Delaware yellow at $1 10@1,12; 35,000 bus Western mixed and yellow at $1,08@1,12, and small lots white at $1,12@1,14 ₱ bus. Oats; 30,000 bus at 62@64c for Western; 67@68c for Penna, and 67½@68c ₱ bus for Light Delaware.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $20,50@20. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams at $32@35 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@19½c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 16@18c, and shoulders at 13½@14c Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@30c; very choice do at 32c. Cheese—Sales at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 17@18c ₱ doz.

COTTON—900 bales Middlings sold at 22@22½c for Uplands, and 24@24½c ₱ lb for New Orleans. Closing at 23@24c ₱ lb.

BARK—50 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $27 ₱ ton.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 70@72c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples at $3@4. Dried Peaches and Apples—Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 3@4c for halves, and 17@20c for pared. Blackberries at 11½@12½c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,50@1,60; mixed do, $1,25@1,40; Straw, $1,45.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is little doing; sales of foundry at $22@$23 for No. 1, and $21 ₱ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at $8@8,25. Timothy at $7@7,25. Flaxseed at $2,25 ₱ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from 10@11 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.—The state gives a majority for the Democratic candidates for Judges of probably 70,000. The Democratic majority in New York city is about 60,000. The Eighth Ward, in which the colored registration was the heaviest, gives the largest majority of any, viz.: 7,436 in a total of 9,512 votes. The negroes voted the Republican ticket nearly unanimously.

☞ Since the McFarland trial, a contemporary thinks Cain must have been morally insane when he killed Abel.

☞ A coquette is described as a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf; the thorn remains for her future husband.

☞ "Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh!" replied the ingenious child.

☞ A gentleman who is ashamed of his intensely bald head, explains the absence of his hair by saying that he was born poor, and was compelled to scratch his way through life.

☞ The London Queen newspaper contains among its literary notes and queries, an advertisement of "Poem Wanted—Where can I find Thackeray's verses called 'Sheridan's Ride.' L. D." L. D. stands for Little Dunce probably.

☞ Eleakim Littell, founder and editor of *Littell's Living Age*, died on the 18th, at his residence in Brookline, near Boston, aged 78. He has lived a useful life.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap26-tf

Drawing-Room Chat.—The following conversation took place in the drawing room of a mansion on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, one pleasant forenoon about ten days ago. (Two ladies, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Knight, had just dropped in for a morning's call on Mrs. Rapelje, the lady of the house:)

Mrs. M.—My dear Mrs. Rapelje, are you sick? You look quite delicate.

Mrs. R.—No; not sick exactly; but suffering from debility, and dreadfully nervous. Do you know, I could cry this minute?

Mrs. K.—Too much excitement, I'm afraid.

Mrs. R.—Perhaps. But what can one do? In the gay season, one must give parties and attend them.

Mrs. M.—I suppose so. Fashion is law—more's the pity. But you must take something to tone your system, or you'll break down.

Mrs. R.—I hate medicine! But you shall prescribe for me. What would you advise?

Mrs. M.—Well; I'll tell you *my* plan. Whenever I'm nervous or hysterical, or have a headache, or am at all out of sorts, I take a couple of tablespoonsful of PLANTATION BITTERS once or twice a day for a week or so, and it *invariably* brings me round.

Mrs. K.—I do the same thing, with the same pleasant result. I have implicit faith in that article.

Mrs. R.—Well, ladies, on your recommendation, I'll try it.

"SEA MOSS FARINE can be taken into the stomach of the most delicate, and is just the thing for invalids and all those desiring a light and delicate food."—*Post.*

The Universal Wringer has been in use in our family for years, giving entire satisfaction. We speak whereof we know when we say it is one of the best labor-saving machines ever invented, having several points of superiority over any wringer we have examined.—*New York Liberal Christian, April 2, 1870.*

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in my family for about eight years, and it has been thoroughly tested by every member of my family able to use a machine, and they all agree with me in pronouncing it the best machine for a family in use. It is, I think, more remarkable for its simplicity, durability and strength of stitch than any other machine."—*Wm. Duke, Danville, Ky.*

Skin Diseases.—A Cure Guaranteed.

"Swayne's Ointment" } CURES ITCH, TETTER!
"Swayne's Ointment" }
"Swayne's Ointment" } RING WORM, SALT RHEUM!
"Swayne's Ointment" } BLOTCHES, ITCHING PILES,
"Swayne's Ointment" } &c!

Sold by dealers everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. my14 cowtf

Ladies desire what men admire. And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty, and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest hair dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of sallowness, pimples, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies. my7-1m

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerise, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book. 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. m21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep6-1y

For Sloth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Shaking and Burning.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands undergo all the inconveniences of this thermometrical change every day, or every other day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. A word with these involuntary shakers. What are they doing to expedite their return to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever. Are they dosing themselves with quinine, thereby imperilling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, it is believed. The value of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities begin to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the speciality of some people, but the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this: that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the materia medica of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large settlements in various parts of the country, and indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable restorative. my7-1m

"To Owners of Horses and Cattle."

Tobias' Derby Condition Powders are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of distemper, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, colds, &c., in horses, and colds, coughs, loss of milk, black-tongue, horn distemper, &c., in cattle. These "Powders" were formerly put up by Simpson I. Tobias, son of Dr. Tobias, and since his death the demand has been so great that Dr. Tobias has continued to manufacture them. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs, and increase the milk of cows. Try them, and you will never be without them. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the "Jerome Park Race Course," Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they were composed, since which time he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them.

Sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. my7-1m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN D. MAHIVER to Miss SUE B. CLARK, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. GOLDMAN to Miss ELLEN NEWMAN, both of this city.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. PHILIP S. BOND to Miss CARRIE C. SIMPKINS, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, CHARLES S. DAVIS, Esq., to Miss MIRIAM, daughter of Anthony Kiton, Esq., both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr HERMANN DIECK, of Merseburg, Prussia, to Miss ADELAIDE H. BOYER, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Sterrett, Mr. MARSHALL MCCULLY to Miss CARRIE J. WILSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, HENRY LOVETT, in his 74th year.

On the 17th instant, JACOB R. ELFRETH, in his 82d year.

On the 17th instant, HARRIET, wife of George W. Taylor, Jr.

On the 16th MARY E., daughter of Edward and Ellen Butler, in her 21st year.

On the 16th instant, Captain JAMES HOBBEN, aged 65 years.

On the 15th instant, REBECCA BARNES, in her 87th year.

On the 17th instant, MARY, wife of Peter Cunningham, in her 74th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANNIE, wife of William Parkhill, in her 36th year.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL F. HOOPER, aged 74 years.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

BATTLEDORES.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

May is blonde and Madge is brown,
And 'twixt the two I fly;
One lives in country, one in town,
But yet for both I sigh.
Madge says that I'm in love with May,
And pouts a sweet disdain,
Yet all the while her brown eyes say,
"I fear no rival's reign."

May is calm and like the moon
That sails the summer sky;
Her voice is sweeter than the tune
That scented night-winds sigh;
And underneath her quiet glance
All happily I lie,
And live a dreamy, sweet romance
When her fair form is nigh.

Thus 'twixt the two my heart is thrown,
And shuttle-like I fly,
For blue-eyed May is all my own
When brown Madge is not by.
But loving each, and loving both,
I know not how to lie,
So here's to both, however loath,
Good-by, good-by, good-by!

MEN AND WOMEN.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Some years ago, before monitors or even iron-clad ships were thought of, the enormous and now utterly useless man-of-war Pennsylvania lay at the Washington navy-yard. Much had been expected of her; and her colossal size, and her enormous battery of one hundred and twenty heavy guns, were looked upon with pride by all "true Americans." It was determined that the President of the United States, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet, the principal officers of the Army and Navy, and other persons of like distinction, should visit her for an "inaugural" entertainment, and that in honor of the occasion he and they should be saluted by the discharge of all her guns. The gentlemen were accompanied by a large number of ladies, and a more numerous and representative party was probably never gathered on the decks of a national vessel. The salute began, and the rapid discharge of the heavy ordinance produced a remarkable effect on the civilian visitors. Very soon the men were stunned or worried, and showed strong symptoms of nervous anxiety. The women, on the contrary, to the surprise of all, showed no fear, but rather delight, and were cheerfully excited, not concealing an inclination to laugh at and crow over the nervous weakness of their masculine companions. The firing went on, and became a protracted and apparently endless series of regular explosions. For the discharge of one hundred and twenty guns at intervals of only three seconds occupies six minutes; and six minutes, measured by three-second counts, even in silence, seem as if they would never end. But when, as in this case, each interval is marked by a roar that stuns the ears and a concussion that shakes the heavens and the earth, and fills the air with flame and smoke, the performance becomes oppressive and tries nervous endurance to the utmost. And on this occasion a striking natural phenomenon, full of moral significance, was presented to the curious student of human nature. It was observed that as gun followed gun the men, who were so disturbed at first, became quiet, self-possessed, indifferent, and at last cheerful, while the women, who at first were so filled with life and gayety, soon showed signs of weariness, then of nervous excitement, and finally of terror, looking forward with dread to the inevitable and regularly-recurring shock; so that before the salute was over most of them were in a state of extreme distress, some were hysterical, and some had fainted. Their nerves could bound with elasticity at a single fillip, but succumbed under repeated blows; while the masculine nature toughened under resistance to the protracted strain.—*The Galaxy.*

☞ The Cunard line, says an English paper, is entitled to the proud distinction of never having lost a vessel or a passenger.

GIRL AND WOMAN.

Eyes like blue violets, gleaming gold hair,
Parted red lips and wondering air,
Fresh rounded cheeks and innocent brow
Of a child to whom grief is a stranger now.

Sad faded eyes and silvering hair,
Brow marked with many a cross and a care,
Thin hands whose labor is nearly done,
Calm smile of happiness lost and won.

Closely they sit as the twilight grows,
The opening blossom, the withered rose:
Oh say, for which shall I pity find—
Her life all to come, or hers left behind?

Extraordinary Symptoms.

An Entirely Satisfactory Prescription.

BY C. DELAGARLIERE.

A worthy and brave doctor, whose acquaintance I made when I travelled in the Holy Land, and, if I remember right, his name was Stevens, of Massachusetts, was one of those who had rather risk being disturbed at nights for an insignificant complaint, than to expose himself to the necessity of putting to the debit of his conscience a dead body that he might have conjured into life. He related to me some very amusing facts, and of a nature to excuse, to a certain point, the under-forwardness that certain physicians show to disturb their sleep for unknown patients.

One night a big fellow of a lackey, gilt-edged and laced all over, pulled the bell violently at the doctor's door.

It was winter. It froze so hard that it would have made a white bear shiver. Three o'clock had just struck.

The lackey came, in absence of the ordinary physician of his mistress, Madam R——, to claim the immediate cares of the doctor. The case was urgent; there was not a moment to be lost.

Fuming as he did, the doctor rose, dressed in haste, and ran—benumbed with cold, and harnessed with fatigue—to the house of the distinguished patient.

At the first glance, he perceived that he had to deal with a distempered imagination.

"Ah! doctor," said the fine lady, "how glad I am to see you."

"Why," said the doctor, "you are in better health than I am—you are as fresh as a rose!"

"Ah! how pleased I am;" she added, saying, "I wanted to be put in heart again. However, something unusual happens to me."

"What?"

"I am hungry."

The doctor's first impulse was to get angry, and go home to bed again, by sending to Pluto's gloomy region this too healthy patient, but he refrained from it.

"Truly," said he, "this hunger at three o'clock at night, and such cold weather, is a serious matter, and you have done well not to wait for daylight to consult me."

"Dear me, doctor, prescribe; I shall take what you please, only that I may get better."

"Madam, do you like chocolate?"

"Oh! much indeed, doctor."

"And brioshes?"

"Oh, also very much; I always have some in the house."

"Very good. Let chocolate be made immediately. You shall take a cup with one brioshe; two, if you like."

"And then, afterwards, doctor?"

"Afterwards you will feel relieved, and you can sleep—and I, too."

"But what I offer you now is but a palliative. You will feel the symptoms of the same trouble to-morrow, about ten o'clock in the morning."

"I shall feel hungry, doctor?"

"Yes, madam; you have an intermittent chronic affection which, I must confess, would become mortal if you did not energetically combat against it."

"Oh, doctor! I have done well then to send for you. Cook! hasten, then, the chocolate and the brioshes; is it not so, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. For the rest of the medication I am going to write out my consultation."

"Will it be very bad to take, what you order me, doctor?"

"On the contrary, madam; it will be excellent."

And the doctor gravely wrote as follows:

"To take every morning, fasting, a good-sized mutton-chop, which must be accompanied with a fresh piece of bread, upon which a slight coat of Goshen butter must be spread. For beverage, two or three glasses of old Medoc.

"If this medicine functions well, as I am very well assured it will, it will be necessary, five hours later, to take a slice of the breast of a fowl, likewise accompanied with a piece of fresh bread, with the same fresh butter of Goshen.

"Then wait patiently the effect of this second quieting potion until six or seven o'clock. At that time,—if my diagnostic is certain,—the symptoms of the disease will appear again. The patient, for the third time of the day, will feel the sting of hunger. There is nothing in this relapse which must disquiet her, and which cannot, victoriously, be battled with by science.

"The patient must sit down to the table and eat a little of everything that is agreeable to the palate. Soon this obstinate distemper will again yield before this regimen. And even towards the end of this ingustation, the patient will feel a certain well-being,—a natural effect of a beginning of a good digestion.

"For the remainder, I advise the patient to change nothing in her habits.

"STEVENS,
"Doctor at B.

"N.B.—If another attack will manifest itself at night, a cup of chocolate, with brioshes, or simply a piece of bread and cheese, would suffice to combat it with success."

The next morning she sent the doctor a hundred dollars, with the following note:

"Dear Doctor—Your medication has done wonders. The chocolate and the brioshes have calmed extremely well my nocturnal hunger; and this morning, the mutton chop I took—fasting—according to your prescription, has produced the same happy effect. Ah! let any one henceforth dare deny, before me, the result of science!"

This kind note, and the hundred dollars, easily consoled the doctor for his night so awkwardly troubled.

☞ A Kansas town has an anti-marriage society. No one is eligible who hasn't been jilted three times.

Beards.

By the Hebraical law, the Jews were forbidden to shave; it is said in Leviticus xix. v. 27; and again, in Lev. xxi. 5:—"Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." This law, however, could not have been very stringently observed—for we find frequent allusions to razors, in the books of the Pentateuch; and, as great stress is laid upon the fact that the Nazarites and the priests in the Temple were forbidden to shave, it is probable that some, at least, of the children of Israel were in the habit of cutting off their beards. The law to which we have referred above was decreed by Moses, B. C. 1490. Five centuries before that time, during the reign of Semiramis, in Assyria, it was customary for men of the upper classes, to wear their beards plaited and curled into tresses, like short ropes. The hair was arranged in the same fashion, as we find by the frescoes, discovered in the excavations at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard and M. Botta. The Assyrian slaves and common soldiers seem, however, to have shaved, and the slaves also wore their hair much shorter and plaited less elaborately. The Egyptians appear, for the most part, to have shaved—that is, they wore neither moustaches nor whiskers; but it is still a controverted point whether that appendage which we find upon the chin of all Egyptian statues, sphinxes, and faces of men in bas-reliefs, be a beard, or an artificial ornament. We think it must have been a beard; for, setting aside the inconvenience which would have attended the wearing of a block of wood or leather upon the chin, it is clear that this block must have had a chin-strap to support it; and we find nothing like chin-straps in the Egyptian figures still extant.

Coming to Greece, we know for certain that Socrates, Themistocles, Aristides, Pericles, and all the great heroes of Athens and Sparta, wore beards; we know, moreover, that Alcibiades was in the habit of perfuming his, and of dyeing or painting it; as also his hair and eyebrows. It is noticeable, however, that on the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, many of which are in the British Museum, only the chiefs wear beards—the soldiers, in almost every case, are beardless and moustacheless. The same thing is to be observed in well-nigh all the specimens of Greek painting that have been handed down to us; that is, upon vases, cups and the reproductions of Greek frescoes found at Pompeii.

During the first centuries of the Roman Republic, the Romans of all classes allowed their beards to grow freely; shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 300 B. C., that anything like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; few at first; then more; until at last the barbers' shops in Rome became what the clubs are in London or the cafes in Paris; places of lounging and resort where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and as they began to discard the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had slaves whose sole business was to shave them and cover their hair with greases. At first this task was intrusted to men, but Lucullus is said to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skillful than that of a man, the change was pronounced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time, the beard had fallen into thorough discredit among all classes of society, slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was shaved with scrupulous neatness every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Cato Uticensis, who had but slight respect for the fashions, would have thought it disreputable and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the barber's yoke. This king, an excellent monarch in many respects discovered that his shaving occupied a considerable portion of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him more minutes than he could afford to lose. Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unclipped. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill flies of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would discard the precious means afforded him by shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it, and thenceforth continued to have the Roman emperors for patrons until Eddard overturned Romulus Augustulus, the last imperator, and inaugurated the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of moustaches.

The Franks, who invaded Gaul in the early part of the fifth century and destroyed the last remnants of Roman civilization; the Saxons who, under Cedric (Kerdric) soon after landed in England, introduced into the two countries the fashion of a bushy tuft at the end of the chin, with short bristly moustaches. In a painted miniature in a book of chivalry written in the eleventh century, a copy of which exists in the Bibliotheque Imperiale in Paris, there are represented King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table. None have moustaches or whiskers, but all have that long tuft at the end of their chins.

We may remark incidentally that Louis the Sixteenth, Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Mirabeau, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Napoleon, Byron, Moore, Grattan, Washington, Franklin, Schiller, Goethe, Nelson, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand never wore beard, whiskers, or moustche.

A great deal more might be said about beards, for their history is both varied and comical; but we will stop here, merely quoting in conclusion, the words of Cuvier, the great naturalist, on shaving:

"I found," he said, "that my shaving took me a quarter of an hour a day; this makes seven hours and a-half a month, and ninety hours, or three days and eighteen hours, very nearly four days, a year. This discovery staggered me. Here was I complaining that time was too short, that the years flew by too swiftly, that I had not hours enough for work, and in the midst of my complaining I was wasting nearly four days a year in lathering my face with a shaving-brush; and I resolved thenceforth to let my beard grow."—*English Paper.*

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Oh! the green things growing;
The green things growing!
The fresh, sweet smell
Of the green things growing!
I would like to live,
Whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life
Of the green things growing.

Oh! the flattering and the pattering
Of the green things growing,
Talking each to each
When no man's knowing;
In the wonderful white
Of the weird moonlight,
Or the gray, dreamy dawn
When the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,
The green things growing!
And I think that they love me,
Without false showing;
For by many a tender touch
They comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort
Of green things growing.

And in the full wealth
Of their blossoms growing!
Ten for one I take,
They're on me bestowing:
Ah! I should like to see,
If God's will it might be,
Many many a summer
Of my green things growing,

But if I must be gathered
For the angel's sowing—
Sleep out of sight awhile,
Like the green things growing,
Though earth to earth return,
I think I shall not mourn,
If I may only change
Into green things growing.

UNDER A BAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

"If we could go away!" Lucia exclaimed, turning to her father.

He looked so helpless and frightened.

"We must take the child," he said; "I cannot live without her."

Lucy's eyes were large and full of strange meaning.

"What made my father so angry?" she asked, clinging to the trembling figure.

"Hush, dear—we will forget all about it," returned Lucia, in a soothing voice.

But she could not forget. A new and fierce trial seemed staring her in the face. To shield her father from pain, would be her first study now.

Two very peculiar days passed. Dedham was in a whirl of excitement when it was rumored that Lucy Thorndike was not dead, but had returned to her father's house. Two or three over curious gossips determined to see with their own eyes; but their attempts were frustrated by Lucia's positive refusal to admit any visitors. She wrote to Mrs. Catherwood, announcing her safety, and making a few explanations. Mr. Rutherford had said—

"I shall hear from you through her," and she thanked him for his delicacy.

So she waited. No plans could be made at present—but go away they must. She could not endure the notoriety that would ensue; and after a few years spent in an atmosphere of refinement and truth, this seemed the more unendurable. Her brief reign here was hateful to her memory. The Glenfields had removed to a city—but the old circle still remained. Ah, how she despised its follies and senseless rivalries! Seen in this purer light, they appeared debasing.

The summer day had been warm and oppressive. The very air seemed full of molten heat, and the wafts wandering in at the windows scorched her with their glare. A peculiar day with a vague sense of danger and dismay in every passing breeze. A chill presentiment haunted her as if fate held a sharp turn for her in its grasp. She was in a subtle, questioning mood—but there was no stronger soul to whom she could turn her eager eyes.

At mid-afternoon the electric currents terminated in a storm. A fierce, blinding shower at first, with rolls of heavy thunder and flaming-tongues of lightning. The blackness settled into gray presently, and the torrents subsided to a steady patter. Lucia sat with the child upon her lap, singing in her clear, beautiful voice.

Martha came in to arrange the table.

"There's been a dreadful accident at Putney, Miss;" she announced, in her flippant way. "A train of cars smashed, and dozens of people killed! They say all the Harolds were on the train—been visiting at their grandmother's."

Lucia shuddered.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Garth, rousing.

Martha enlarged upon her first terse account. Only a fragment of news had reached Dedham, or at least Martha, but she made the most of it.

"Thorndike wasn't coming back until to-morrow—was he Lucia?"

"I don't know."

"I think not until to-morrow, I am quite sure," nodding his head confidently.

"I hope so," in an absent way. Men like Warren Thorndike generally escaped dangers; so she hardly felt alarmed.

"Sing again," Lucy said, climbing in her aunt's lap, after the meal had ended.

So they three sat there in the summer evening, the child and Mr. Garth listening to the rare melody. In the pauses came the patter of rain on the leaves without, or a low sweep of the wind with its sad undertone.

"If they three could be together always," Lucia thought; for this strange little being had awakened a strong interest in her heart. It filled her mind with softened memories of Rachel.

A heavy knock at the door startled them, and Lucia faced the interruption.

An old neighbor, Mr. Bowen. He looked sharply at them all.

"Haven't heard the news, I s'pose?" he asked, eagerly.

"About the accident? Martha mentioned it! Terrible affair;" and Mr. Garth handed out a seat for the visitor.

"No, thank'ee. I just came in to say—they're goin' down, a crowd of them, t'see the wounded. You didn't think that Thorndike—"

"No; he wasn't to come until to-morrow."

"He's there among them!"

"Not killed! not dead!" and Lucia sprang up. Why a moment ago he seemed a blot and a shadow on all their lives.

"Badly hurt, I've heard. Maybe you'd like to go down?"

"Yes;" Lucia said, dizzy, and struck with sharp anguish.

Mr. Garth stared wildly.

"No, it can't be," he said, with a quavering sound in his voice. "Do you want to see him, Lucia?"

She never could tell why she considered it such an imperative duty. He had left her in a passion of rude anger, and might spurn her now—yet she felt that she must go.

"Yes;" she answered in a wild, tremulous tone.

"But you must not be alone."

She glanced at him questioningly. Could he endure the shock? But he was right enough there; she must have a companion.

"You mustn't stop long to think;" said Mr. Bowen, warningly.

"No."

She placed the affrighted child in Martha's care, and hurried on her hat and shawl. Mr. Garth groped for his cane, and stood in the hall awaiting her.

Down the dark, wet street they walked, a sudden gust now and then shaking a shower out of the trees. The two clung together in silence. Mr. Garth's brain was too slow and wandering to seize upon any immediate sense of danger.

Lucia did not think at all. A horrible fear held her in a giant's grasp. Not any latent love for the man who might be in deadly peril, but a feeling that had outlived passion of any kind.

At the station, more than one familiar face gave her an astonished stare. On moved the train. A little knot here, in a buzz of conversation; men leaning over the backs of seats; and women, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. She sat like a statue.

On hour's ride brought them to Putney. The debris had not been cleared away, and the workmen's lanterns flashed hither and thither. The waiting room was filled with eager faces and subdued tones. At one end, on a rude stretcher, lay several mangled bodies; but most of the wounded had been removed to the hotel and cottages in the vicinity.

"Sad affair!" exclaimed some one. "Oh, Garth—you've heard? Thorndike was taken to the hotel. An ugly blow on his head, and—"

"Doctor's just left him," announced another. "Doubtful case."

Lucia knew by the tone there could be no doubt about it. The worst had befallen him, and she understood now why she had come. The day's impressions were no longer a mystery to her.

They threaded their way through the crowd, holding tightly to each other's arm. Up the soft carpeted stairway to the spacious room where Warren Thorndike lay dying.

There was a serious internal injury, accompanied with fatal hemorrhage, beside the blow above the temple. The doctor had looked on for the last time, when he said—

"He can't live but a few hours."

Whether it was loss of blood, or the absence of human passions in this extremity, but whatever of grace or tenderness the man's face had known came out in it now. Deathly pale, but with no fearful ghastliness, calm and tranquil, for it was past pain, and with a something that no eyes but Lucia's had ever seen in it.

It pained her keenly, too. If she had loved him these last moments would have been exceedingly precious to her, but he belonged by right to the one in her grave. Lucia was jealous for her sake, and every smile, faint and wandering as it was, became a torture to her.

Now and then the lips moved. Once she bent over him to catch a word.

"You shall have it!" he murmured just above his breath. "You shall outshine them all! Why don't you wear curls? I liked them first—that night you know!"

Lucia's old girlish vanity was humbled in the dust. Why must he go back to this time?

Fainter grew the sounds. Midnight came, with the gray shadow of dawn lagging in the distance. Morning followed, and with it a still and shrouded face. Lucia laid a napkin over it and prayed for his soul. Perhaps he had loved her more than either of them knew. Her heart trembled with profound pity. Would God gather the best out of the two wrecked lives, blind as they had been!

Mr. Garth watched her with wondering eyes. Some dim idea of her strength, her great tenderness, and the rough paths others had made for her feet, struck him with a latent remorse. If he could go back and have it all different!

He spoke of it in his trembling, broken manner.

"Yes," she said, "but the wrong was not all your fault, nor his. I should not have married this man. I sinned against him and myself on our bridal day, and God punished me. But that is all past, and He has brought us to pleasant ways."

They returned to Dedham. There was more than one procession to the old graveyard, and more than one house of mourning. The disaster spread a universal gloom over the village, and drew the inhabitants together by a bond of general sympathy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW DAWN.

After the funeral Lucia found their circle widening. Mr. and Mrs. Howe came with the kindness of old and tried friends. The many virtues hidden from girlhood's careless eyes were now discovered, and she stood amazed at her olden blindness.

No one ventured to discuss the past with her. There was a dignity which forbade any approach of impertinent freedom, and the most curious stood respectfully aloof.

To her friend Mr. Wilmer she gave all the confidence that was necessary, and to Mrs. Catherwood she announced the peculiar events that had brought her home, freedom and independence. That lady rejoiced un-

feignedly. Yet she made no mention in return of her grand-daughter or Mr. Rutherford, and Lucia strove hard to believe him happy.

The blow that she had feared for her father seemed to rouse new mental vigor within his brain. He went back to business, looked over the tangled mass of papers and placed matters in a fair way for settlement.

Lucia had her plans as well. She begged him to leave this dreary old house, for she felt that she could never be happy nor at rest. She wanted to begin the world anew. With their abundant fortune they could make a happier home elsewhere. He listened quietly, and did not dissent. Indeed, he appeared to hold her in a curious awe.

I think he saw more clearly, and was anxious to make amends for the hardness of her childhood. Rachel had exercised an unconscious influence over him and aided his natural severity. Now there was naught besides tender love.

The factory was disposed of on advantageous terms. Guardians were appointed for the little Lucy, for her aunt kept steadfast to her purpose. Lucy should be her father's heiress. The old house was sold, and as the spring advanced they took pleasant little tours in different directions, and Mr. Garth began to understand the power of beauty. He was like a man whose eyes had been suddenly opened, and dazzled by the vision, he was forced to grope and stumble. A sense of the infinite, the goodness and mercy of God, began to steal over him. He was awakened to new perception, new enjoyment; he was capable of a higher appreciation of the power and beauty that he had recently begun to apprehend.

It was late to begin a new life, and yet it had a certain softening charm. A strange interest, too, a new nearness to his fellow creatures. He had always passed for a religious man, but it seemed as if he had just begun to feel the power of saving grace. The old, rigid, arbitrary spirit gave place to a consideration for others.

Under her aunt's guidance Lucy Thorndike blossomed into child-like sweetness. The prim air hung about her like a delicate suggestion of quaintness, and occasionally a bright laugh sounded through the rooms. To Mr. Garth it was like the carol of a bird from some fragrant covert.

They made their decision at last. A pretty sea-side town, with a range of hills for background, broken by belts of timber and long reaches of valley. Near enough to a city to be within easy distance, and yet sufficiently secluded for their quiet fancies. A rambling house with some tasteful modern additions, pretty gothic porches, wide windows with low balconies, nooks of clinging vines and shady trees, and a sloping lawn with evergreen hedges.

Lucia was delighted with adorning the interior. One end of the drawing-room fronted the lawn, while on the opposite side of the hall the cosiest of all places was fitted up for a library. Mr. Garth supplied his daughter so liberally that she was not compelled to deny her choicest likings. Loved books and pictures, delicate statuettes that she had grown familiar with elsewhere, colors harmoniously blended, and yet quite different from her first grandeur. She smiled a little thinking of that.

And when it was all done she looked at the life before her. Simple duties indeed, and yet grave. To be a mother to this motherless child, and what she had never been before—a fond and patient daughter.

She had invited Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer to visit her during the summer, and they had accepted. And in her prosperity she did not forget to recompense her first friend who had nursed her through her long illness. She found her new neighbors pleasant and social, people of refinement and education. What more was there to wish for?

She prayed now and then for Paul Rutherford's happiness. Did the woman who had his soul in keeping prize it above all other treasures? And would Vaughan Marchmont seek her out again with the proffer of his hateful love?

How strangely these two men had affected her life! Both had influenced her with the impress of their own individuality, powerful for good and evil. The one she had escaped, the other would always remain in her memory as a type of the highest nobility.

The Wilmers came according to promise. The simple yet courtly clergymen and his agreeable wife with their three merry youngsters. To Lucy it was a rare treat. There were rides and rambles, sails and frolics on the lawn, and all the diversions of eager, restless childhood, days rounded into perfection by Miss Lucia's beautiful evening hymns.

The two ladies discussed Morecombe as was natural. The old church, the Prestons, the Catherwoods, and a few others who had composed Lucia's circle.

"Mrs. Catherwood has failed seriously. I never saw any one so changed. Her health and energy were so perfect, you know. I can't help thinking that the trouble about her grand-daughter was a severe blow."

"She is married," Lucia said with a gasp.

"Oh, yes. It was a grand wedding we heard—at her aunt's in the city. Her cousins went down."

"But I thought it was to be at Morecombe," Lucia returned with a puzzled look.

"Oh, you know—" and then Mrs. Wilmer paused. "It was not Mr. Rutherford!"

"Not Mr. Rutherford!" Lucia echoed in surprise.

"Oh, my dear, so you do not know. That engagement was broken—how no one ever exactly understood the truth. The Catherwoods are proud and not given to bruit their own affairs abroad, though I did hear a whisper that Miss Sturtevant had another lover. I don't often take dislikes, but I never could cordially admire her."

Lucia shivered at a remembrance of the proud, imperious face, and the secret that she unwittingly shared.

"She returned to the city, and in April, I think it was, she married a Mr. Marchmont. Miss Sophie considered him very handsome, and he was wealthy, they all said. I did not fancy her at all suited to Mr. Rutherford, but the Catherwoods admired the latter extravagantly.

Vaughan Marchmont! Lucia was silent with amazement.

"There was something in it that touched the old lady. She bore up for awhile, but I noticed a peculiar change in her when Miss Eleanor's name was mentioned. And it was said that young Catherwood fell desperately in love with her. It's my opinion that she was a dangerous girl!"

Lucia Garth's pulses gave a quick and almost guilty bound. *He* was free then, not stranded on the fatal shore of misery! And perhaps Eleanor Sturtevant was as well satisfied.

But what had become of Mr. Rutherford? She found herself revolving this question day and night. Knowing how fine his sense of honor really was, she had never thought to see him again, yet now it seemed that in his trouble he might have sought her out.

She took herself seriously to task at length. Her duties were here, and a few months ago she had been glad to accept them. Had she any weak, foolish longing for love, for the one taste of entire happiness before youth faded?

The visit was rendered most agreeable to her guests, and proved a matter of great satisfaction and pleasure to herself. Mr. Wilmer's pure and fervent religion shed its light upon every act, and he drew Mr. Garth gently within the circle of his influence. Lucia felt strengthened and ennobled, and laying aside all selfish desires addressed herself anew to her task. Was not this love tender and satisfying?

Mr. Garth had never seen her brighter. Of all pictures within and without this sweet face glowing with winsome smiles warmed his heart the most. Lucy following like a shadow, the short golden rings making a halo round the small face, now and then warmed with a faint pink tinge.

She sat on the balcony one afternoon with her book lying idly beside her. On the distant beach wandered two figures, Lucy and her grandfather. The life stretching out before her was like that calm sea, and they the central figures. Around them was to cluster her tenderest affection, she said. Through stormy paths she had come to a quiet haven.

Was it a dream of the softened summer sunlight? Far down below the branching elms lingered another form, with slow step and bowed head as if undecided whether to approach or pass. The bright-brown beard caught a hazy tint from mingled sun and shade, but the face was paler and thinner than in the past days.

Lucia was neither fearful nor superstitious. She rose and walked slowly down the path, the soft, rich tint of her cheek fading to lily-like paleness, and a tremor seizing all her limbs. But it was no ghost, no phantom of imagination.

He seemed to hasten forward, and reached out his hand with strange hesitation.

"Miss—Garth!" he said in a strange sort of voice.

"Mr. Rutherford! I am glad to see you."

Her cordial voice touched some far chord in his soul, and his face brightened.

"Are you? I wanted to see you once more before—"

A pang of doubt and trembling seized her. She studied the grave face with its added lines, and wondered what fate would have in store for him.

"You have heard, I supppose, that my engagement came to naught?"

His eyes were downcast as he uttered this, and could not behold the fine flush that stained her brow.

"Yes; only recently, however. The Wilmers have been staying with me."

"But you hear from Mrs. Catherwood?"

"Occasionally. Of late she has been an infrequent correspondent.

"Her health and energy are failing."

"So I heard. She was unusually brilliant I used to think—a woman of the type one rarely meets."

"Yes;" Mr. Rutherford made answer. He was not thinking of the Catherwoods and Morecombe—but of the first time he had seen her as Lucy Thorndike. A new charm had been added to that olden grace; and as he looked and listened, he understood that it might become very dangerous for him.

"I am going away," he announced, abruptly. "It is barely possible that I may never return to my native land. I have no ties—"

His eyes were raised now, and he saw the torrent of crimson, fiercer on account of his glance, and the sudden deathly whiteness that followed it.

"Going away!" dreamily, and in a choking voice.

"Yes; you do not know that I am a poor man, with my life work to do over again?"

"No. You have met with losses?"

All her tender womanly nature was roused.

He straightened himself and swelled out his broad chest as if with an inspiration of courage. There was a latent fire in the hazel eyes, strength, patience, and something finer still, the fortitude of a soul loyal to a noble faith.

"Yes; a poor man. It is not much after all, since it entails no pain upon others."

"Oh, you don't know!"

Then she paused, and something indescribable came into her face.

He, seeing it, was startled. Like a revelation, a strange, sweet knowledge flashed over him.

"If I were to stay," he thought "she might be won from this warm sympathy into love!" But he thrust the temptation aside.

"I don't know why I have been beguiled into this childishness—but I longed to behold you once more. So many curious scenes and memories have linked us together. And your last step was not a mistake—or failure!"

"No. I owe it all to you—so much! I have thanked God daily that I came. Were you aware of—of Rachel's death, when you advised me?"

"No; but I had seen the change in your father. I fancied at one time, that he was a cold, rigid man, with but few avenues of tenderness and sympathy. His love for his grandchild and his sorrow for your loss, amazed me. I hoped you would find a friend in him."

"I did—and he needed me. How many times I have thought of you with the most fervent gratitude, God only knows. You have proved a friend in my most desperate needs!"

Something in his eyes said that if fate had been less rapid deciding her destiny, it might have been more than friendship. She dared not read that.

"And Mr. Thorndike, too, is dead."

"I was with him at the last;" and her voice trembled. "Not that he had softened towards me. He was very bitter on my return—as he had a right to be. Oh, Mr. Rutherford, I wronged him none the less surely, by the evil marriage; but I think he forgave in those last moments."

"It was a strange puzzle to me, when I first saw you. Men of that stamp rarely understand the meaning of a tender, generous love."

"The fault was mine," she said, with a bravery that touched him; "I had a miserable, uncongenial home, though I was a rich man's daughter. And then I was so young, so ignorant, full of childish vanity and love of triumph. He was a hero to my unpractised eyes, and his admiration for me seemed the most generous love. I meant to do my duty. I even think I might have loved; but—"

Rutherford gave a peculiar smile.

"I understand," he said, slowly. "It is the wreck of so many lives. I, older and with more experience, would have drifted on to the same fate."

"Eleanor Sturtevant did not love you!" Lucia said, with the pain and pride of a keen eyed woman.

He started at this, and glanced up so sharply that she colored.

"But she did once—or, at least, beguiled me with a cunning semblance of it. May I tell you the story?"

"I shall listen, gladly."

He wanted her to know, and to judge him fairly.

"It was Eleanor Sturtevant's fortune that was invested at Dedham, though with Mrs. Catherwood's advice and consent. We all thought it so sure. I went abroad for her, at her grandmother's wishes; and the news of the misfortune was late, very late in reaching me. If I had been within call, I should have had a more thorough understanding of the matter; but when I saw her reduced to poverty, through my means, and clinging to me with a girl's helpless trust, I tried to comfort and resolved to devote my whole life to the restoration of her prosperity. After this came a love that I could hardly doubt."

He made a long pause, and presently resumed—

"There was some fatal falseness in her nature, as I learned too late. I would have given her up then, but she would not accept her freedom; and her grandmother implored me to keep my word. My own happiness appeared of less consequence to me, since I had seen and known an impossibility before."

There was a strange coldness in his voice as he uttered this.

"The breach was healed, and a marriage day appointed: but before that, Vaughan Marchmont had supplied me with a new proof of her deceit. A dangerous, fascinating, yet treacherous woman. And so ended what might have been a tragedy. Our stock, as you know, had risen considerably; and through the kindness of a friend, I was enabled to restore every dollar of her fortune. It has left me somewhat in debt, and this is why I am going abroad."

He announced it as his justification. She knew then that if he loved her ever so well, his pride would forbid his confessing it until he was once more a free man. Yet she would have useless thousands!

"Oh," she exclaimed, surely you can succeed here!"

He saw the tremor that quivered underneath her fine, pure skin, that caused the eyes to droop and the face to flush. A sharp pang seized him.

"You may have thought me indifferent," he went on, "but I have not been ignorant of any change in your destiny. It is the one bright memory that I shall take with me. I am glad to find you happy and at ease, and in the years to come—"

They glanced into each other's eyes and know the secret lying in the depths of both hearts.

"Oh!" he said with a cry of pain wrung from him by some strong conquering passion, "I should not have come! I was too weak, and yet for days I have been nerving myself for this—to come and go without a sign, to school my face, my voice—"

"Why," she answered eagerly—why? Is it any shame, or am I—" and a cold grasp of despair seemed to seize her.

He translated the terror of her expression.

"Oh, no, not that! We all make mistakes, and yours was most bitter to yourself. But how could I offer a life so heavily burthened? I should come to grudge the years devoted to that labor, when they should be spent in making your life blessed and beautiful. But this you may know, though I had not thought to confess it, that I love you with an absorbing passion, always shall; but I am not selfish enough to take any brightness out of your life to put in mine."

"What if I choose to give it?" she murmured softly, with radiant face and sweet, downcast eyes.

For now she had come to understand the grand truths of life—that one's highest pleasure and keenest happiness was not in selfish aggrandizement, but the ready ministering to others out of one's own abundance.

"No," he said hoarsely, "don't tempt me. You have borne your share of sorrow, your heavy burthen of care, and henceforth life may be bright and blissful. I should shadow it."

"Stay!" she answered, reaching out her hand.

He covered it with kisses. One long, passionate, despairing glance. If he had saved this woman from any pang—if he had restored her to any lost happiness—he would not be ungenerous enough to take advantage of it, and so he turned.

Looking back he saw the white face, the drooping figure, a sudden autumn frost despoiling the summer warmth and loveliness. Should he despise her royal gift? Should he make her wait wearisome years, for he knew she would do that!

One step—one word only. A touch of tender, clinging hands, and their lives blended into one, the true level reached at last.

And still they lingered under the branching trees, confessing past errors and mistakes, and learning to judge each other more truly by the light of experience and hope. And then the two figures came slowly up from the sands—baby Lucy with cheeks like the pink of a sea-shell, and soft hair blown about by the wind.

They went forward to meet them. Lucia laid her hand softly on Mr. Garth's arm, a wondrous light shining in her eyes, and through the quivering scarlet lips came a low, tender word—

"Father!"

Paul Rutherford drew the other arm within his strong, protecting clasp, and bowing his manly figure, said as tenderly as she—

"Father!"

The old man understood and smiled, then drew the child in their midst.

"She will never miss the care of mother or father," promised the rich, deep voice.

Down on the level sands the golden sun lay dying. Up here the new day had begun.

Lucia Garth bowed her head. Whatever of the old shadows had clung about her, fell away now, in this love glorified radiance.

☞ Minister Bancroft expresses the opinion that there is no government in the world equal to the Prussian in the constant attention it gives to the wants of the workman. There is a most thorough provision in Parliament for all appeals from the laboring classes.

☞ Etiquette is the fashionable sister of decency.

GOLDILOCKS.

BY MRS. JOHN H. UHL.

Shall I harm my Goldilocks
  If I tell her she is fair?
Were it better I should tell her
  Beauty is a cruel snare?
Tell her that the Prince of Evil
  Weaves some nets of yellow hair?

If I speak such shallow riddles,
  She will lift her bronze-brown eyes
(Clear as summer brooks in shadow,)
  Questioning with a grave surprise;
She will pierce my "petty maxim"
  Through and through its thin disguise.

She will summon to confute me
  Cloud of witnesses, I ween,
Pomp of fur, and wealth of plumage,
  Lily's fairness, Rose's sheen—
All God's beautiful will muster
  At their comrade's challenge keen.

At her prompting, they shall ask me
  Why I taught her to discern
Beauty for its own sweet being,
  If, so late, to bid her learn
That behind the gracious Presence
  Scowls a truth so harsh and stern.

Taking up the Word, she'll daunt me
  With her might of childish lore,
Saying: "Mamma, you have bid me
  Count our Father's gifts all o'er—
Not, like that 'unfaithful servant,'
  Slighting *any* of the store.

"Surely, *one* good gift is beauty—
  His world's full of it, you know;
By its law the fruit is rounded,
  And the bounteous roses grow:
One may prize one's 'goldilocks,'
  Since our Father made them so."

Who shall chide this childish logic?
  Who propound a sounder creed?
Beauty *has* her special charter,
  But, while claiming all her meed,
Cancels not that plain old maxim:
  "Beauty dwells in lovely deed."

Three Thousand Years.

Do you remember the last request you made of me when we parted in Paris, you to return homeward, and I to bury myself in the tombs of the Pharaohs?" asked Vance, the latest lion of Eastern travel, of Marion Harleigh, as he took her out to dinner at Madame Belletoile's.

"Perfectly. I asked you to bring me some personal ornament from the mummy of a princess," replied the young lady with *sang froid*.

"And you promised to wear it, remember," pursued Vance, maliciously watching for the pallor that did not come.

"Exactly. I promised to wear it, and I am ready to keep my promise. Did you bring me the opportunity?"

"Could I have ventured to present myself before you without it?" replied the traveller with smiling courtesy.

"And what is it?"

"May I come to-morrow, and offer it?"

"I shall be glad to see you."

The next morning at twelve o'clock, Vance rang at the door of Mr. Peter Harleigh's fine town mansion, and upon inquiring for Miss Harleigh was shown at once to the drawing-room, graced by that young lady's presence. She came to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Welcome home!" said she, a little more earnestly, perhaps, than she would have spoken to Prof. Byzantium, who also had returned to New York, from Eastern travel, by the Persia.

Millard Vance held the hand she offered long enough to dart the piercing glance of his hazel eyes deep into the heart of the young girl—and then, releasing it, said, softly—

"You are kind; but I have no home, you must remember."

"You should interpret the word more widely, and feel that your native land is enough for home, and your countrymen and women enough for family, at least in the present," said Marion, hating herself for the blush she could not restrain. Turning hastily, she added:

"This is Mr. Vance, Juliette. My cousin, Miss Randolph, Mr. Vance."

A little figure rose from the great arm-chair, where she had been almost buried, and bowed, smiling, in answer to the stately bow of the traveller. Then she seated herself upon the sofa beside Marion, and unconsciously offered her misty golden curls, pure complexion, and sweet blue eyes, in contrast to her cousin's trained and statuesque brunette beauty.

Vance, studying the two without looking at either, found it impossible to award the palm to either and gave both credit for arranging a contrasting tableau—a manœuvre for which Juliette was as yet too innocent, and Marion too proud.

After ten minutes, Vance drew a little Indian casket from his pocket, and placed it in Miss Harleigh's hand.

"There is the Pharaonic spoil you have kindly allowed me to bring for you;" said he.

Marion opened the box, and uttered a little cry of surprise. It appeared filled with golden beetles sparkling with phosphorescent gleams. Immediately she closed the lid upon them, and looked up into Vance's laughing face.

"They will not harm you; they are securely chained," said he, opening the case as it lay upon Marion's lap, and taking from it a necklace of golden scarabæi, with diamond eyes, and green enamelled wings.

Each insect was linked to each by a tiny chain, but so loosely as to admit of perfect freedom of movement. The necklace was clasped by a medal of burnished gold deeply engraved with certain symbols or characters, not easily to be deciphered even as to form.

"Oh, the darling, lovely, odd thing!" exclaimed Juliette Randolph, while Vance lightly swung the glittering toy from his finger; but Marion turned pale, and slightly shivered.

"Where did it come from, Mr. Vance?" asked she.

"From the neck of a Pharaonic princess, as you desired that it should," returned Vance, watching with boyish zest the effect of his announcement.

"Oh, tell us all the story, please, Mr. Vance; how you got it, and how she looked, and all," pleaded Juliette, setting herself in a sofa-corner with the impatient delight of a child about to listen to a fairy tale.

Vance looked at her appreciatively, then suffered his regard to linger for a moment upon the proud, dark eyes that Marion Harleigh had almost unconsciously fixed upon his own, before he gayly answered:

"Oh, yes; we travellers are but too happy in finding audiences for our adventures, you know; and this one in a manner belongs with the necklace. I wintered upon the Nile last year, partly, no doubt, for my own pleasure, but partly—as I hope you will not refuse to believe, Miss Harleigh, in the hope of fulfilling your commission more fully than a mere passing visitor would have done; for a new mummy is not to be met with every day, even upon the Nile; and I promised, you will remember, to take the ornament you were so kind as to ask for directly from the person of its original possessor. My inquiries, bribes, false hopes, and opportunities to allow myself to be cheated in the neatest possible manner, were unlimited: so also were my patience and faith in its final reward. That faith was justified upon the day when my dragoman mysteriously introduced into the cabin of the Sphinx a rascally-looking Arab calling himself Sheikh of El Kab, the village off which we lay, and who offered for a compensation to conduct the illustrious lord, of whom he had heard as desirous of opening a new tomb, to the door of one discovered only a few days previously by himself and his son, who had resolved to sell their secret to the magnificent 'Inglis,' instead of to their own government, to whom it properly belonged.

"After hearing this story, I quietly remarked to my friend, the sheikh, that I had been so many times imposed upon by the same account, and had lost so much time, patience, and money in consequence, that I had determined to revenge myself upon the very next impostor for all that I had suffered at the hands of his fraternity, and that it was but fair to give him timely warning that I intended keeping to my resolution, and to offer him the chance of reconsidering his proposition.

"Without any pretense of being hurt in his feelings or wounded in his honor—pretenses at which I should have only laughed—my sheikh repeated his assertion that the tomb he mentioned was, and had been for ages, fast sealed, and that, from its situation and certain characters wrought upon the stone closing the door, he had no doubt it contained the remains of some persons of consequence. Beyond this he knew nothing and professed nothing, and stipulated that, in all events, he was to receive a certain sum for admitting me to the tombs, let the results be what they might. Should they prove to be considerable, of course the reward was to be augmented.

"Rather impressed, after all, with the fellow's apparent honesty, I acceded to his terms, and that night, accompanied only by my two servants, I met him just outside the village, and followed to the catacombs that perforated like the cells of a honeycomb the sandstone cliffs beyond the tomb. The scene was wild enough, and more picturesque than you ever get in the new Park, ladies; and, were I an artist either in words or colors, I would give it to you with all the accessories of swarthy Arabs in snow-white drapery and turbans, flashing torches, gloomy subterranean passages, sculptured walls, and paintings yet glowing with all the richness of the original colors. Sparing this, however, I will merely say that the old sheikh proved himself a man of his word, and even 'builded better than he knew;' for the tomb whose door he had discovered hidden behind the pile of bones and dust half filling an outer tomb, rifled years ago, had never been opened to all appearance since it was first sealed up, perhaps three thousand years ago."

"Three thousand years!" softly exclaimed Juliette Randolph, opening her great blue eyes. "Has the world lasted more than three thousand years, Mr. Vance?"

Miss Harleigh's downcast eyes glittered impatient scorn; but Vance smiled with the indulgence, while he replied:

"For perhaps four times three thousand years, Miss Randolph, woman's beauty and man's devotion have enacted upon this earth of ours the same old-new story that makes it to-day so beautiful and fresh to bright eyes."

A little quivering smile emphasized the look not yet died out of Miss Harleigh's haughty eyes; but Juliette, blushing like a rose, lifted her innocent gaze to meet the meaning that Vance rather looked than spoke; then she said:

"But the story, Mr. Vance."

"Yes, the story. We penetrated the tomb at last, although not without much difficulty, and hard work, for the cement was like stone. At last, however, we stood within the chamber, beside the single sarcophagus it contained. At the head lay, upon a sculptured pedestal, a lamp, burned dry, but with the wick still clinging to the lip, and at the foot an exquisite little vase of alabaster, three feet high.

"We lost no time (for the adventure was not without peril, had we been discovered by the Turkish authorities in opening the sarcophagus) in removing the innumerable folds of mummy cloth swathing the occupant, by the expeditious means of splitting the whole series from neck to heel with a sharp knife, and turning it back like the covers of a box. Within lay a slight, elegant figure, very dark in color, as mummies always are, but retaining sufficient beauty of outline, both in face and form, to prove to my mind that a rare relic of loveliness of the days gone by lay before me, neither preserved nor quite destroyed; and in my heart I wished that the too careful love that had laid it here had rather given that beautiful form to Nature, who would in those three thousand years have produced and reproduced from that germ, flowers enough to beautify the whole earth.

"But Miss Randolph's eyes are exclaiming 'The story!' and I return contritely. This mummy, I had expected, would be richly decorated with amulets and ornaments, for such was the rule in the interment of women of the higher class among the Egyptians; but to my surprise there was absolutely no ornament about it with the exception of the necklace you now hold, and a small square box or reliquary of gold suspended from it, and containing a bit of parchment inscribed with a brief hieroglyphic sentence. Carefully removing these, I folded the cerement once more about the silent figure, replaced the cover of the sarcophagus, and left my Pharaonic princess to resume the slumber so rudely disturbed. Let us hope that no evil dream connected with her lost necklace has marred her rest."

Vance ended smilingly; and Marion, who had listened with the utmost intentness, although never raising her eyes, suddenly looked at him, demanding:

"What was written on the slip of parchment, Mr. Vance?"

"Hieroglyphics."

"But they can be read by modern science," replied Marion, a little impatiently.

"Yes; and the parchment, with an impression from the clasp of the necklace, is now in the hands of the man best qualified to decipher them, of all our cryptic scholars. I left them with him last night, and am to learn his decision to-day. You shall know it almost as soon as I."

"Thanks," said Marion, breathing a little more freely. "It would be horrible to me to have a three-thousand-year old secret hung like a millstone about my neck if I could never hope to solve it."

"Then you will wear the necklace?" asked Vance, smiling down upon her, for he had risen to take leave.

"Certainly. Shall you be at Mrs. Lane's to-night?"

"May I hope to meet you there?"

"We are going, and I shall wear the necklace of scarabæi, with many thanks to the giver."

"It is not a gift; it is a commission. You sent for it by me, as you send to Paris through your *modiste* for a new dress. It is a debt."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Marion, a little superbly.

She had walked beside Vance the length of the drawing-room, and now stood near the door, out of ear-shot from the sofa.

"Yes," replied Vance, pausing in his leave-taking, and slowly adding, "the price is already fixed. Do you wish to know it?"

"Perhaps I should know it before accepting the necklace. It may be beyond my means," said Marion, struggling for an indifferent look and tone.

"I think not—I know not. I cannot tell you now what that price is; but you will wear the necklace to-night?"

"Yes," murmured Marion; and felt glad to let him go.

"What a splendid man, Marion. And he knows such a quantity! One really feels quite ashamed of ignorance beside him," prattled Juliette; and her cousin, with a lingering, unfathomable smile upon her lips, made some vague reply, and hid the true answer in her heart.

That evening, at nine o'clock, came an imperative ring at the Harleigh's door, and a message, earnestly requesting Miss Harleigh to see Mr. Vance for one moment on important business.

In ten minutes she came down to him, superb in gold-colored silk and black lace, but without ornaments.

"Your business is very urgent, then, Mr. Vance," said she, haughtily.

"Thank God!" murmured Vance, staring at her regal neck and shoulders.

"For what? That you have some important business at last?" asked Marion, one of the women who instinctively resent, even upon the man they love, the attempt to reconcile them to lure and jest.

It was on one of the profoundest truths of feminine nature that the mythologists founded their fable of Atlanta, of the sleeping princess, yes, of the Sphinx herself. He who approaches such a woman's heart with intent to win, must wholly subdue it, or she will turn upon him and slay him with her eyes for daring to make the attempt.

But Vance was too engrossed to note the antagonism so flattering to his vanity which had replaced Miss Harleigh's ordinary suavity.

"You have not put on the necklace!" exclaimed he at last.

"I was interrupted before my toilet was complete," said Marion.

"I can never be sufficiently thankful. I went from here to call upon the *savant* whom I mentioned this morning. He had gone out, as I afterwards discovered, to find me. I remained down, and finally dined at Delmonico's with a friend. On my way home I called once more upon the *savant*, whose first words were:

"'Have you parted with that necklace?'"

"I said that I had presented it to the lady for whom it was procured.

"'She will not wear it,' exclaimed he.

"'She has promised to do so to-night,' said I.

"'Great heaven! You have killed her, man!' thundered he; then went on to show me the translation of the hieroglyph taken from the breast of the mummy. It was:

"'See me, the beloved of a king. I scorned him for a lesser love, and thus I lie.'

"Upon the clasp of the necklace were engraved the words:

"'The gods who give life, also take it.'

"In some way that infernal (beg pardon, but I could not help it) necklace was the cause of that unhappy woman's death. Probably it is poisoned, and I—I brought it to you, and urged your to wear it—for my sake!"

His emotion was as unfeigned as it was evident; and Marion forgot even her antagonism, forgot the danger she had escaped, and drooped her happy eyes, lest her lover should read them too easily.

But a lover reads his lady's eyes even through the lids, and, five minutes afterwards, Millard Vance had presented Miss Harleigh with a girdle in place of the rejected necklace—a girdle formed of his own right arm; and she, her pride forgotten, submitted to his tender compulsion, nestled close to his heart, and even yielded her lips to his kiss, as meekly as the simplest country maiden could have done.

What wonder that Marion forgot then, or afterward, to repeat to any one the half-revealed secret of the necklace hidden in the depths of her well-stocked jewel box.

The winter passed, and the spring, and Mr. Harleigh took his daughter, the niece who was to him almost another daughter, and the good-natured elderly cousin who matronized them, to the cottage by the sea, where they always spent a portion of the year.

Vance went also, finding quarters in a farm-house close at hand, and spending all his time with the two girls. Marion, now that she had time to think, and to command herself, was the most capricious and shyest of *fiances;* and poor Vance never knew from day to day if he should be permitted to quietly lay his homage at her feet, or if he must watch to see it spurned, ridiculed, or rejected. Seldom, indeed, could he obtain a *tete-a-tete*, and not unfrequently Marion declined altogether to see him, pleading to-day a severe headache, to-morrow a dressmaker, the next day an imperative engagement in town, compelling her to leave with her father in the morning, not to return until his return at night.

In all his sufferings, at first poignant, but, alas! as time went on, more endurable, from these various caprices and desertions, Vance found comfort always awaiting his acceptance in the pitying eyes and tremulous smile of Juliette Randolph, who, single-hearted darling that she was, could never understand how her cousin found pleasure in tormenting thus the man she loved—and such a man!

"Perhaps she does not love me, Juliette," suggested Vance, in disconsolate reply to this wonder, naively expressed on one occasion.

"Not love you, Millard? Why, of course she does! How could she—" began the child, and there stopped, blushing like the dawn.

Vance, a master in heart-law as in books, finished the sentence, read the blushing face, and his own suddenly grew pale. Then his gloomy eyes wandered across the sea to the horizon line, and rested there so long that Juliette, who had as yet guessed neither his secret nor her own, gayly asked of what he was dreaming.

"What a pity that I came home last winter," replied Vance, simply.

"Oh, don't talk like that! Marion will be well to-morrow, and perhaps gay and bright. And on those days, you know you do not wish that you had not come home," said Juliette, with a smile as tender as it was arch.

Vance glanced at her, then away, and leading her back to the house, excused himself from entering, and spent half the night in pacing up and down the beach, with the wild sea beating whitely at his feet.

"I must have an explanation with Marion, and, unless she will consent to an early marriage, I shall leave this for some time, I will travel again, or—"

But if the night brings counsel, it also puts to sleep and benumbs the counsel that came before, and when next morning Vance found his lady-love genial, beautiful, and even affectionate, he said nothing of the explanation or the journey, and the day went on as many a day had gone before.

And other days, weeks, and months, while still the little party lingered at the shore, held by the warm, dry autumn days, as sweet as summer, and even richer in their gorgeous beauty.

Still the explanation had not come; still Vance lingered; still Juliette, the simple, loving child, innocently sought to soothe the wounds inflicted by her haughty cousin, and unconsciously gathered poison to herself from the wounded one she sought to heal.

At last there came a day when Marion, suddenly arraigning her own heart for judgment, found it guilty of hypocrisy, ingratitude, cruelty, and all uncharitableness towards the one creature upon earth for whose sake life was worth the living. She stood aghast at the record placed by memory before eyes too long and too willfully blind, then took a resolve in strict accordance with her fault. As the sin had been a sin of pride, so the reparation was born of a profound and sweet humility—child of pride wedded to love.

"I will go to him this moment," whispered Marion, "and telling him how dearly, how wholly I love him; I will beg forgiveness for my fault, and, if he wishes still to take me all to himself, I will—"

So on the moment she went. It was the night of the full moon, the harvest moon, and all earth and ocean lay glowing and quivering in a bath of golden splendor. From the woods and fields came rich autumnal odors, and from over the sea, sighing breaths of a dying tropical breeze—night-birds and insects on the one hand, the long wastes of dreaming waves sliding up the sand, and breaking in music on the other.

"Thank God for life, this beautiful world, and for love," murmured she, then went smiling on.

Her light feet made no noise upon the sand; the moon and the wind threw her long shadow and the rustling of her draperies behind her; so she came unconsciously along the beach to the spot where Vance and Juliette sat in the deep recess of a hollowed cliff.

Hearing her lover's voice, Marion paused. She could not speak indifferently to him just then, nor could she say what was in her heart to other ears than his. She hesitated, wondering how to act, but soon wondered no more, for Vance spoke again in answer to words which Marion did not hear.

"You do comfort me, darling; who else?" asked he, passionately; and Marion, turning to stone as she stood, knew, as if she had seen them, the embrace and kiss that accompanied the words.

Then Juliette murmured sobbingly—

"O Millard, you must not! you ought not! It is Marion whom you love, and she loves you. Let me go away from both of you—and die!"

"No, you shall stay with me and live," cried Vance, ardently. "She does not love me now, if she ever did. Has she not been trying to prove how little she cares for me ever since we came here? And I—O darling, it is a simple, trusting, loving heart like yours that a man should give his own for! Marion is a splendid woman, a woman of grand intellect, passion, and possibilities; but you, Juliette, you are the dove whose nest is in my heart. Come to me, doveling; come to home forever! Trust me; you have the right, and Marion will never suffer."

In the pause that followed Marion turned and went her way, careless if she were seen or heard, or not. Turning her back upon the man that had wooed her to her doom, she saw her shadow stretching black and ominous along her path, and set her foot within it at every step. The dreaming sea, no longer whispering of love and hope, moaned wearily among its grasses; the sighing wind brought an odor of decay from the woods and fields, of chill unrest from the distant sea. The sands that had seemed the golden dust of Pactolus, were of a sudden filled with flints and shards. All nature showed a change, and yet nowhere was change like that in the heart Marion carried home from the little journey she had made to find her lover.

The next morning Vance was awakened in the early dawn by the farmer's wife, who, standing at his bedside, laid a letter in his hand.

"It was brought by the squire's man. He said you were to have it last night, but it was so late when he got here that we were abed, and so he called again first thing this morning, and made me come right up with it."

"Yes; thank you. That will do, Mrs. Brown," said Vance, who, holding the unopened letter, had turned of a sudden, numb and chill with a terrible foreboding.

As soon as he was alone, he tore open the envelope with fingers almost too impatient and too tremulous to reach their object.

It contained the slip of parchment Marion had begged of him soon after their engagement, and a sheet of paper exhaling the violet perfume Marion loved, and with Marion's monogram at the top. It brought him this message—

"Your friend did not interpret the hieroglyph aright. This is my reading:

"'Behold me, who fancied myself the beloved of a king among men. He scorned me for a lesser love, and thus I lie.'"

In ten minutes Vance, with death at his heart, was on his way to her who thus summoned him. The early morning was fresh, sweet and delicate in its beauty as a young girl's first dream of love, but Vance knew it no more than Cain, who fled the wrath of God and the eyes of man with a brand upon his brow.

Arrived at the cottage, and finding only the servants astir, he ordered Marion's maid to go and ask if she could see him in half an hour.

The woman went, and when her shrill shriek ran through the house, one listener at least was neither startled nor doubtful of its meaning.

Striding up the stairs, and past the frightened servant who ran to call her master, he entered the chamber alone, and stood beside the bed where lay his mistress, royal in death. She had dressed herself in the bridal robes given her only a few days previously by her doting father, magnificent in silk and lace and embroidery of Oriental pearls. The bridal veil, fastened to her glorious coronal of hair, swept down at either side; but no flowers encircled it, or lay upon the quiet bosom, or were clasped in the icy fingers. No flower, no jewel, no ornament of any description entered into that strange bridal toilet, save such as formed part of the dress itself and a necklace of golden scarabæi about the throat.

With a groan such as the rack might at last wring from the strongest heart, Vance bent to examine the necklace, which had, as the merest glance showed, undergone some strange transformation.

Strange indeed! The beetles, no longer mere toys and images, appeared to have suddenly assumed life, and the power attributed to them by the men who worshipped them as gods. Standing erect upon the myriad legs hitherto folded unobserved beneath their bodies, with open wings and upraised antennæ, with their diamond eyes flashing and glittering in the first rays of the rising sun, the creatures appeared so fearful and so unearthly that Vance drew back a pace in terror from the sight. Recovering his manhood almost instantly, however, he snatched at the necklace with the shrinking hate of human nature for the fiend, and would have torn it from its resting-place, although too late, for its work was done; but with a strange, new thrill of horror, he found the effort in vain. Each of these thread-like legs ended in a minute claw, and each of these claws, fastened deep in the flesh beneath, held to its prey, still warm beneath its deadly grasp.

The household, alarmed and wondering, were by this time flocking into the room; but Vance, turning upon them a pallid face, and strained, bloodshot eyes, begged to be left yet a moment alone with the corpse of his promised wife. Only the father remained, and Vance, leading him to the bed, pointed to that which lay there, saying, in a hard, cold voice:

"She dressed herself in these robes as a girl would naturally like to do, and she put the necklace about her neck. It was poisoned, as I told her when I gave it to her, and warned her not to use it. She forgot my warning, and placed it about her throat, meaning perhaps to wear it as my gift when we should stand before the altar. I warned her, but she did not heed, and—there she lies."

Peter Harleigh, shrewd and crafty man of the world, looked long and earnestly into the face of his intended son-in-law, then into the face of the corpse, hardly sterner, hardly whiter than that of the man, and at last he said:

"There is a mystery, but I do not care to fathom it, lest I hate the man my daughter loved. The story you tell will answer. Go, now, and leave me with my dead."

"I will take this; it is my right," said Vance, plucking away the necklace.

Beneath the necklace was a livid band encircling the throat, and composed, as a close examination showed, of innumerable points or dots, but even as they looked, this faded slowly from the surface, and, an hour later, the skin had become smooth and white as it had ever been.

No one saw Vance after this until he stood with her father and cousin beside Marion Harleigh's open grave. When the services were ended, and the mourners, save themselves, dispersed, he turned to these two and simply said:

"Good-by. You will not see me again."

Juliette, uttering a faint moan, turned away, then, tottering, fell in a death-like swoon.

Her uncle, pointing to her prostrate body, sternly met the eyes of the miserable man who stood staring gloomily before him, and said:

"Not her too, surely! Is not one enough?"

"If Juliette will marry me, you may set the day yourself," said Vance, desperately.

"One year from to-morrow, if Juliette still wishes. Let my girl lie one year, one little year, in her grave first, and then her claims shall give way to those of the living," said the old man, bitterly.

And Vance said:

"One year from to-morrow I will come back. Then, if Juliette will marry me, she shall."

The year came round, and with it came Vance. Juliette, who loved but could not comprehend him, was ready to accept the sacrifice he offered instead of a heart, and they were married.

She is happy in her nursery and in her household, and she worships, and makes love to, in a thousand little ways, the husband she fears as much as she adores.

And he? Of his inner life we do not speak; of the outer let this fact suffice: where no eye but his own ever sees it, he hides a little Indian casket, containing the Egyptian necklace. The scarabæi, no longer excited by contact with warm human flesh, lie in the quiescent state we first saw them, but the venom remains, the power remains, and Vance, looking at them, fancies often that they are but the outward symbols of the avenging memories that gnaw and sting his heart forever.

☞ The Indian question will soon be solved. A man out in Chicago has invented a process by which living bodies can be petrified in half an hour. He proposes to go out on a confidential mission from the Government and harden up a whole tribe of Indians at one time, and then retail them out for tobacconists' signs. He thinks he can make this so profitable that, by the time he gets done with the Choctaws and the Tuscaroras, the income tax can be abolished with safety.

THE PERFECT DAY.

When morning, rising from her eastern couch,
Rolls back the amber curtains of the day,
And, softly flushing, lifts her dewy lids
Beneath the fiery sun's impassioned ray;
As, stealing tiptoe o'er the drowsy hills,
She wakes the sleeping flowers by wood and glade,
A tender pain thrills softly through my heart
That all this beauty must so quickly fade.

And when o'er quiet vale and breathless sea
The fervid noon uplifts his gleaming shield,
I softly sigh that he again so soon
The royal sceptre of his power must yield.
And when pale night, with finger on her lip,
Hushes the last faint sound of noisy strife,
And softly spreads her benison of rest
O'er all the care and weariness of life,

I sit and think of the fair dawn that comes
To careworn souls, fadeless and fresh for aye;
And all the tender calm, and peace and rest
Of the long noontide of eternal day.
Smiling, I cross my palms upon my breast,
And pain and sadness fade like mist away;
Beyond these shadowed morns and changeful noons
Dawns the sweet splendor of a Perfect Day.

The Revision of the Bible.

It appears that at a recent Convocation of English Bishops of the Established Church, a revision of the Bible was determined upon. In attempting such a revision no new translation of the Bible is contemplated, and no alterations of language except where competent authority deems it necessary, and where changes are necessary the existing version is to be followed as far as possible. It was suggested that the Convocation should appoint a committee to undertake the work of revision, with "liberty to invite the co-operation of any persons eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong." This suggestion was unanimously adopted with the report.

In supporting the committee's report, Dr. Wilberforce, of Winchester, disclaimed any intention to "recast" the authorized version. Following him, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol declared his belief that the proposed changes would not "Frenchify" the Bible—and he confessed that he saw no objection in that clause which, allowing the revising committee to call in the aid of persons belonging to any nation or religious creed, would cause sore trouble to many pious souls. "I shall feel," says the Bishop, "that scholarship is the bond which in every such case will be found superior to separating influences which might arise out of either conformity or non-conformity."

The Bishop of Bath is reported to have said that the "whole truth should be declared at once," and that "it is useless to pretend that the authorized version was an inspired production when they knew that it was not." Some of the bishops advocated a tentative (experimental) version; and the Bishop of London, who presided, thought that the revision should be confined at present to the New Testament, "which was now ripe for it."

In view of the above projected revision, the following facts relative to the Bible will be found interesting:—

The Christian world is now divided on two versions—the Roman Catholic recognizing that of Douay, and the Protestants that of King James I. The Protestant Bible is the result of the labors of forty-eight eminent divines, commissioned by James I., and who brought to their tasks ripe knowledge and the peculiar fitness with which their calling invested them.

For centuries before this the culture and erudition of the civilized world had been engaged in the work of collecting, authenticating, and arranging into one volume the component parts of the sacred canon. The Hebrew text, as we have it, presents these ancient writings after having been passed through many hands, and subjected to numerous revisions. Of the primitive text in fact, but little information of its condition previous to 175 B. C. has come down to us. The books when first committed to writing were probably inscribed on skins or linen cloth, and in the old Hebrew characters. Not until the time of Ezra and the Babylonian captivity were the books of the law subjected to a careful and critical examination. From that time to the close of the fifth century great changes took place in the sacred text. The form of the characters used in the Old Testament were changed from that of Phœnician origin to the Aramiac chirography, and again to the Palmyrene. Originally the vowels were left out and only the consonants written, and the reader had to supply both vowels and accents. Neither words nor sentences were separated, and it was found necessary to give directions in the Talmud for copying.

In 1522 the Complutensian Polyglot was issued by Cardinal Ximenes, who was assisted for fourteen years by the most eminent Biblical scholars of Spain and large numbers of manuscripts from the Vatican and other collections. Between this period and the seventeenth century many other editions were issued of more or less reliability. The Old Testament of Joseph Athias, issued at Amsterdam in 1601, was the result of a careful comparison of numerous manuscripts.

Of the New Testament none of the original manuscripts are in existence. The books were written, after the custom of the times, upon papyrus, or upon the finer and more durable parchment which was beginning to take its place. There were no spaces between the words, no capitals, and but few sentences. Of the manuscripts which remain to this day none contain the Go pels entire. One of the fourth century in the Vatican has all but the Apocalypse; one of the fifth century in the British Museum lacks nearly all of Matthew, and portions of John and II. Corinthians.

From the second to the tenth centuries copies or translations were made by Clement, Origen, Irenæus, Athanasius, Eusebius, Epiphanes, the Cyrils, Chrysostom, Theodoret, Cyprian, Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustine, Rufinus, Bede, Alcuin, Anidas, and others.

Portions of the Bible were first translated into Saxon between the eighth and tenth centuries. The first English version known to be extant is supposed to have been made in 1290. Many versions followed this, the perfection of which was reached in the Bishops', our present one.

☞ An exchange says:—"You might as well attempt to shampoo the head of an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as to attempt to do business and ignore printer's ink."

Sunday-School Anecdote.

In the Boston Daily News, of April 25th, we find a letter from Hong Kong, China, written for the purpose of being read to a Sunday-school in this country, but which the editor was allowed to print on account of the interesting character of its contents. The writer describes the temptations that beset the foreign residents of Hong Kong, and to which so many young men fall an easy prey. He had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and, after inquiry, learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither; but, not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expection that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noise—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other 40 years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the eldest shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first, says the writer, these words, in such a vile place, made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling-den! But while the young man sang the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, the one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing; when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up; "come, Harry, here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." The writer saw these two men leave the gambling-house together and walk away arm-in-arm; and, as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way." It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life!

The Banana.

No words of mine can make you understand the simple grandeur and grace of a form which startles me whenever I look steadily at it. For however common it is—none commoner here—it is so unlike aught else, so perfect in itself, that, like a palm, it might well have become, in early ages, an object of worship.

And who knows that it has not? Who knows that there have not been races who looked on it as the Red Indians looked on Mondamin, the maize-plant, as a gift of a god—perhaps the incarnation of a god? Who knows? Whence did the ancestors of that plant come? What was its wild stock like ages ago? It is wild nowhere now on earth. It stands alone and unique in the vegetable kingdom, with distant cousins, but no brother kinds. It has been cultivated so long that though it flowers and fruits, it seldom or never seeds, and is propagated entirely by cuttings. It has been cultivated so widely that it girdles the earth round at the Tropics, and has girdled it as long as records go back, distantly hinting at a time when there was a tropic continent, or archipelago, round the whole equator, and at a civilization and a horticulture, to which those of old Egypt are upstarts of yesterday. There are those who never can look at the banana without a feeling of awe, as at a token of how ancient the race of men may be, and how little we know of their history.

And how beautiful it is! The lush, fat green stem, the crown of huge leaves, falling over in curves like those of human limbs, and below, the whorls of green or golden fruit, with the purple heart of stamens dangling below them, and all so full of life, that this splendid object is the product of a few months; that, so I am told, if you cut the stem off at certain seasons, you may see the young leaf (remember that it is an endogen, and grows from within, like a palm, or a lily, or a grass) actually move upward from within and grow before your eyes; and that each stem of plantain will bear from thirty to sixty pounds of rich food during the year of its short life.—*Kingsley's "Letters from the Tropics."*

More "Insanity."—At St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 17th, Mrs. Elizabeth Hatch called on Miss Jessie Bush and requested to see her privately. They entered a room, when Mrs. Hatch turned the key in the door and shot Miss Bush through the lung, inflicting a fatal wound. Mrs. Hatch immediately ran from the house, exclaiming, "Send for a doctor, quick; I did not intend to kill her, but myself!" She gave herself into custody. Both the women were of impure character, and a quarrel from jealousy on account of a paramour existed between them.

The Schools of the District of Columbia.—At a meeting of the Congressional Committee on the District of Columbia recently, the question of uniting the white and colored schools of the District under the same management, and to make no distinction as to color in the admission of pupils to the schools, was considered at length, and was agreed to by a vote of 4 yeas to 3 nays. At a subsequent meeting, this decision was endorsed.

☞ The newest style for dressing the hair is called "the Cleopatra." The hair is brushed high off the forehead and braided low on the neck, surmounted by a large imitation snake, which is coiled around the head.

General Cass's Fortune.

It has just been made known to the public how the late General Lewis Cass amassed his fortune. Its commencement was purely accidental. In 1830 he purchased, for $12,000, a farm of 200 acres within the limits of Detroit, and only four blocks from the new City Hall, paying $10,000 cash, and giving his note for $2,000—the only note he ever gave. Detroit then had only 2,200 inhabitants. In 1832, while Secretary of State under Old Hickory, he was offered $25,000 for it. But he asked the advice of an intelligent Eastern business man who was visiting him in Detroit. After dinner one day the two gentlemen walked over the farm, from the river bank to its outermost boundaries; observed its noble water front, its level stretch of land, affording such favorable street grades, and its proximity to the centre of business.

Said General Cass's friend to him: "If you wish to sell the farm, I will give you $50,000 for it."

"Oh, then my mind is made up. I will not sell at all," replied the General.

He held on to this choice piece of real estate, and became very rich through the industry and enterprise of others around him. He finally sold, at good prices, scattering lots, giving ten years' time for most of the purchase-money, with interest at seven per cent., but stipulating always that buildings of considerable value should be erected on the lots within a short period. He issued land contracts of the above nature, but no deeds until the purchase-money was all paid up. Of course the improvement made on a part of his lots greatly enhanced the value of the remainder, so that what land he had left was continually getting to be worth more than the whole at previous periods. He left $2,000,000.

Antidotes for Tobacco.

A society has been formed in Paris to put a stop to the use of tobacco. Laymen can become members of it on payment of five francs, and churchmen by paying one franc. Whether the difference in the admission fees indicate that the clergy will receive less benefit from protective or restorative influences of the society, or that they are greater sufferers from the use of the weed, and therefore special inducements are held out for their reformation, does not appear. A French magazine says that for one suffering from excessive indulgence in tobacco it is sufficient to drink a cup of strong coffee without milk; the coffee is said to be an antidote to nicotine. The government tasters in France, it is said, who are obliged to smoke an inordinate number of cigars, find that when their nerves are shaken and their taste impaired by excess, take some strong coffee, and immediately find that their delicacy of discrimination is restored, and they are able to go on with their trials. The Turks would seem to have found out this secret long ago. They smoke and drink coffee alternately, and thus save their nerves and their taste, as the dangerous properties of each, it is to be presumed, counteract those of the other. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine says that there is another remedy for excessive smoking, namely: the free use of fruit. After smoking all the evening, he eats two or three apples, or as many bunches of grapes, and finds himself in the morning none the worse for his tobacco or his fruit. Still another remedy, not so easy for habitual users of tobacco, but invariably effectual if persistently followed up, is to abstain from the weed entirely. Those who find themselves suffering from its effects, had better try this first.

☞ It is now ascertained that the jury of women in Wyoming were—we had almost said "to a man"—opposed to woman suffrage. A Laramie newspaper states that there is not a woman in the city who adheres to the movement. It is moreover stated that jury service was not sought by the ladies, who accepted it with much misgiving. Their greatness was "thrust upon them." So there is some hope for Wyoming yet.

☞ At New Orleans a committee of eight recently attempted to introduce colored children into two of the public schools. Their admission was refused on the ground that the superintendent had not given instructions to admit colored children. Considerable excitement followed, and the police had to be called to disperse the crowd.

☞ In the Southern Methodist Episcopal Conference the subject of itinerancy was indefinitely postponed, leaving the old itinerant system in force.

☞ A large package of letters was received at the Post Office Department on the 18th, from the scene of the late disaster on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The exterior of the letters were so stained with blood that it was impossible to decipher the names of the persons to whom they were directed. The letters have been sent to the dead-letter office, where they will be opened and returned to the writers.

☞ M. Dubarie, a judge of the Paris Court of Appeal, has just died from a very extraordinary cause. A few weeks ago, being in the country at Pomponne, where he has property, he attended the funeral of the Mayor, and approached the brink of the grave to make an oration over the coffin. But emanations from the coffin of the Mayor's wife, who had been buried some months before, so affected the judge that he fell down in a fainting fit. He never thoroughly recovered, and has now died from what is called "cadaverous poisoning."

☞ The paper manufacturers of the Eastern and Middle States last week held a Convention in New York, and adopted resolutions, in order to prevent a fall in prices, in favor of putting mills on half time until the present surplus of paper in the market is reduced, and for the organization of a Trade Union, in which every branch of paper manufacture and sale shall have a fair representation.

☞ The sum of nearly thirteen thousand dollars has been contributed by the citizens of Philadelphia for the relief of the survivors of the late tragedy at the Richmond (Virginia) Court House.

☞ "Half steam," "Stop her," and "Go ahead," are useful Americanisms heard on steamboats Europe over, even where the English language is not spoken—says Hon. George P. Marsh.

☞ A sharp young lady says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a weak moustache.

☞ The united railway companies of New Jersey run twenty-eight through passenger trains daily between New York and Philadelphia, and one hundred and eight trains of all classes daily.

☞ Congress has resolved to adjourn on July 15. This precludes the taking up of the Tariff Bill again this session.

☞ There has been a military coup d'etat in Portugal. Gen. Seldanha attacked the Castle of St. George, carried it, and forced a resignation of the old ministry, and an order to him to form a new one. The people of Lisbon, Oporto, &c., sympathized with the act.

☞ Three Italian frigates are cruising around the island of Caprera to prevent the escape of Gen. Garibaldi to Naples. The Government has taken this action because it is known the sons of Garibaldi are with the insurgents in Southern Italy.

☞ JEALOUS OF HIS REPUTATION.—A Columbus potographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

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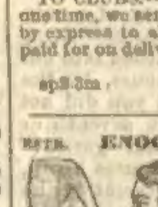

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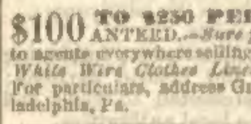

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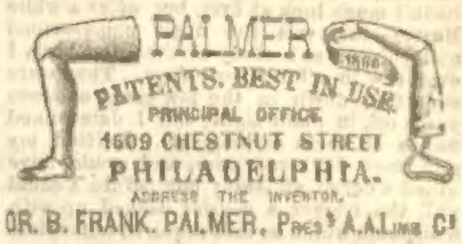

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IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—All soldiers who enlisted for three years prior to July 22, 1861, and who were discharged before serving two years, can now get $100 bounty. All such soldiers should at once write to JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Government Claim Agent, at Middlebourne, Guernsey county, Ohio, and he will secure a speedy settlement.

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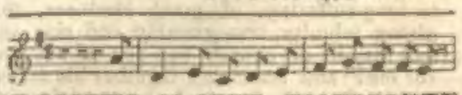

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Commodore Scudder's Dog.

Commodore Scudder, of the United States Navy, had a double-nosed pointer dog of which he bragged a good deal, and for which he would have refused a larger sum than was ever offered for a dog since the creation of the world. But he is dead now—not Commodore Scudder, but the dog. Like the famous hound Gelert, he died a martyr to his high sense of honor. The Commodore told me the story.

"I went out hunting partridges one day," he said, "and took the dog along. We hadn't much luck at first, but after a while Buster—that was the dog's name—stood and pointed at a covey of the finest birds I ever saw in all my born days. They were squatting down in the low grass a dozen yards off, in plain sight, and I determined to fire at them as they lay. I lifted my gun, took deliberate aim, and would have killed a dozen at least; but before I could pull the trigger a courier dashed up with a dispatch which he said required immediate attention.

"I reserved my fire and read the dispatch. It was an order from the Navy Department to proceed, without a moment's delay, to Philadelphia to take command of a squadron which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. I was so much excited, you understand, that I laid down my gun right on the spot, and went off, leaving Buster there pointing at those birds like they were north stars and he was a mariner's compass, so to speak. I forgot all about him; but he was a faithful dog, Buster was—and like Casabianca, he wouldn't have left even a burning ship without my orders.

"Well, I went to the Mediterranean, and cruised around for three years, having a first-rate time. When I returned, at the end of the cruise, it occurred to me, as I stepped ashore in Philadelphia, to go out and see how things were at the place where I went gunning. John and I went—and the first thing I came across was my gun, lying there with the barrel covered with rust and broken clean off the rotten stock. But what was my surprise, upon going a few paces farther, to find the skeleton of that heroic double-nosed pointer, standing up just where I had left the dog three years before! He had never budged an inch, Mr. Quill, not a single solitary inch, that double-nosed pointer hadn't; but he had stood there and pointed at those birds until he had perished in his tracks! Well, sir, after shedding a tear over my departed friend, I went a few yards ahead, and—*there were the skeletons of those partridges!* I regard this as the most extraordinary circumstance that ever came under my observation; but if any man presumes to doubt my word, I'll shoot him on the spot—I will, by George!"

It was queer, that story of Scudder's, about his dog, but it would hardly be safe to say what I think about it.

What He Said.

The happy faculty of delivering a few well-chosen words upon a public occasion, in a handsome manner, is not vouchsafed to many mortals. It was certainly denied to old Puddynhed, who was well stocked with money, but not at all with wit. But he was an alderman of his city, and upon the occasion of a public dinner it became necessary for him to respond to the toast, "Our City Fathers." It was carefully arranged beforehand that one of the numerous artillery salutes of the day should immediately follow the alderman's remarks, in order that the attention of the table might be drawn from him as quickly as possible, and as he understood the arrangement his confidence was greatly increased. The day came, the hour came, the moment came that brought the toast, "Our City Fathers," and Puddynhed promptly arose, brandished his wine glass, and said—

"Gentlemen—in answer to your kind sentiment, I would say—"

And here he came to a halt. There was nothing on earth that just then occurred to him to say.

But something must be done; an hundred eyes were curiously bent upon him, and he blurted out again—

"Gentlemen—in answer to your kind sentiment, I would say—I would say—"

Again did poor Puddynhed come to a full stop. And now certain significant winks and smiles did not escape his notice. Roused to desperation by the sense of his awkward predicament, with his face blushing like the rising sun, and the perspiration streaming from it, he fairly shrieked—

"Gentlemen—in answer to your, gentlemen—that is, in answer to your—to you—I would say your sentiment—I would say—I would say—*Shoot!* SHOOT! for God's sake!"

Anecdote of Handel.

Handel was one of the most humorous of mortals, and at the same time one of the most irritable. His best jokes were perpetrated frequently during his most violent bursts of passion.

Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, he began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while such were gathered together in a room, and, after preliminaries, Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscripts. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "you all read manuscripts?" "Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room. "We play in the church," added an old man behind a violoncello. "Very well, play dis," said Handel, distributing the parts.

This done, and a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling, fumbling and blundering that ensued is said to have been indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not long brook the insult, and clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and shaking his fist furiously at the terrified man and the instrument, said, "You blay in de church!—very well—you may blay in de church, for we read, de Lord is long-suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; you all blay in de church, but you all not blay for me!" and snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving his astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

Doubtful French.

A late traveller in Europe tells an amusing story about an American who, having entered a Parisian restaurant, could think of no French phrase in which to give his order. At last he stammered out "*J'ai faim*," but pronounced the last word so that the waiter understood him to say, *J'ai femme*," and supposing that he wished to wait for a female companion, left him. After waiting a long time, seeing that the waiter did not seem disposed to attend to his wants, and thinking that he must have made some mistake in the grammatical construction of his sentence, the man rang again, and this time said to the waiter, "*Je suis faim*," pronouncing the last word *femme*, as before. The waiter started in astonishment, and having surveyed the man from head to foot, hastened to the cashier, and assured him that the big-whiskered fellow at table No. 3, must be insane, "for he says he's a *woman*."

THE COAT OF THE PERIOD.

Gus (to his favorite Sister.)—"Now, Cis, your candid opinion, please, and no humbug! How do you like this coat?"

Cis.—"Well, dear, since you appeal to my candor, *I* think it would be none the worse for *an additional flounce or two.*"

A Model Love-Letter.

The following specimen love-letter was dropped in the street, by a young lady, a few days ago:—

"Oh My Dearest Mollie I will tri to ancer your Deer letter. O how my throbbin heart Does ake to Embrace you once agin. O you Darling Rosy Bud wont you marry me i heer the eko ancer I will. Don't let that ugly thing take you a Buggy Ridin agin. O how i felt the first time we touched our lips together. O how my hole frame quivered but i must stopp or I will go crazy. O how we will divide the sorrows and joys and comforts of life. Ancer right of from yoare

"GEORGY."

Comfort for the Lowly.

Are you envious of the great, the eminent, the distinguished? Think of only a few of the penalties of greatness, of the extra weight it has to carry, and your feelings will change from envy and jealousy to pity and compassion. Reflect on what you escape by being humble, obscure, insignificant, and small, and be content with your allotment in life—

For a sample—

You escape having to preside at public dinners and meetings; to make speeches and move resolutions, and respond to the toast of your health.

You escape having to put your name down for subscriptions considerably beyond your means, and for objects to which you are utterly indifferent.

You escape seeing yourself painted at full length (by Tipp Topp, R.A), on the walls of the Royal Academy, and hearing the somewhat plain-spoken remarks of the company on your attitude, expression, and features.

You escape gazing at your own photo graph in the shop windows, bounded by a dancer in short skirts on one side, and by a notorious criminal on the other.

You escape persecution for your autograph, monogram, *carte-de-visite*, and possibly for a piece of your hair.

You escape being the subject of false and scandalous paragraphs in the newspapers.

You escape testimonials.

You escape laying first stones; inspecting hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums; having addresses presented to you; and being received by the local authorities.

You escape *levees*, receptions, and uniforms.

And, finally, you escape the publication of the contents of your will; you escape having your life written, and your private letters given to the world; and—greatest deliverance of all—you escape a public statue.—*London Punch.*

Why Do Children Die.

In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder holds the following language:—"The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, splashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms and steamed in bed clothes. So much for indoors. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woollen stockings and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day, a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood and bone and constitution goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty has any hand in it."

A DREAM.

I saw my lost love yesternight,
My love that died long years ago;
She wore a robe of virgin white,
And on her head a crown of light.
She pressed her clay-cold lips to mine,
And breathed on me with icy breath,
And spoke in accents sweet and low,
And said, "In life, love, I was thine,
And thou wilt soon be mine in death."

The morning light shines pale and gray,
And she has vanished from my sight.
For the fair form did fade away
At the first sign of dawning day.
'Twas but a phantom of the brain,
A thing of naught, an empty breath,
A fleeting vision of the night;
But yet—to dream of her again,
I'd gladly sleep, though sleep were death.

The Cryptogami.

Prof. Tyndall tells us that there are "myriads of living things—cryptogami, awful creations! concealed fructification—floating about in the atmosphere of all large cities; and that a man breathes into his lungs thirty-seven million six hundred and ninety-four thousand, five hundred and seventeen of these living germs in the space of ten hours!"

Not to inveigh against you—though you know you deserve it, Prof. Tyndall—let us ask if there is not a possibility of a mistake on your part in the number of "living germs" which you say are breathed into our lungs in the space of ten hours, by the clock? Are you certain that you did not "carry" one too many to the seventh or eighth column when adding up said "germs?" Won't you please go over the figures again, Prof.? Or if you object on account of the exceeding labor, don't you think you could, conscientiously, and at a venture even, take off a few, just a few cryptogami? Thirty-seven millions six hundred and ninety-four thousand five hundred and seventeen are a good many cryptogami for one man to get outside of in ten hours, and you know it. Now, if you can take off a few, if not more than a dozen or so, without violating your conscience, do so, for even that number would be a reduction, you know, and we will manage to bolt the balance, and get along with them as best we may.

You see, gentle reader, how life, at best but a troubled dream, is rendered "perfectly horrid" by these irrepressible "savans" who know so much, and who can't or won't "keep in." We wonder who will be the next man to step to the front with a diabolical theory, and what that theory will be?—*Si Slokum in N. Y. Atlas.*

AGRICULTURAL.

What the Soil is to the Farmer.

For the husbandman the soil has the paramount importance, that it is the home of the roots of his crops and the exclusive theatre of his labors in promoting their growth. Through it alone can he influence the amount of vegetable production, for the atmosphere and the light and heat of the sun are altogether beyond his control. Agriculture is the culture of the field. The value of the field lies in the quality of its soil. No study can have a grander material significance than the one which gives us a knowledge of the causes of fertility and barrenness, a knowledge of the means of economizing the one and overcoming the other, a knowledge of those natural laws which enable the farmer so to modify and manage his soil that all the deficiencies of the atmosphere or the vicissitudes of climate cannot deprive him of suitable reward for his exertions. The atmosphere and extra terrestrial influences that effect the growth of plants, are indeed in themselves beyond our control. We cannot modify them in kind or amount; but we can influence their subserviency to our purposes through the medium of the soil by a proper understanding of the characters of the latter.—*Prof. Johnson's "How Crops Feed."*

Substitute for Manure.

Hearth and Home says the following recipe for raising potatoes is worth the price of any paper for one year to any farmer who is short of manure. It is as good as the super-phosphate of lime, and will not cost half as much. It has been tried two years, and is good on dry land:—"Take one cask of lime and slake it with water, and then stir in it one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in loam or ashes enough that it will not become mortar; it will make about five barrels. Put half a pint in a hill at planting. All manures containing potash are particularly suitable for the potato. Ashes contain more than any other natural fertilizer, and should be freely used and carefully saved. Any farmer seeing the analysis of the ashes of potatoes can readily imagine what fertilizers produce the greatest effect, and what the plant most needs."

Canadian Horses.

The Canadian horse where he is yet to be found in his pure state—that is to say, uncrossed with either the English thoroughbred, or the English high-bred stallion of the hunter caste—is originally, beyond doubt, the French Norman horse; and even where the crosses mentioned still exist, the French Norman blood vastly preponderates. The present characteristics of the Canadian are—a head rather large than otherwise, but lean, bony, and well formed, with an unusually broad forehead, with the ears far apart, carried loftily, a small clear eye, and a courageous aspect; a bold upstanding, but thick crest; a broad, full chest and a strong shoulder, a little apt to be too straight, as well as to be low and heavy at the withers; a stout, strongly-framed barrel, the characteristic fault of which is, to be somewhat flatsided, and not unfrequently too long; excellent loins; a round, fleshy croup; muscular thighs, and, above all, the soundest, most undeniable, flat-boned legs that are to be found in any race of horses not thorough-bred, and the toughest, hardest and most iron-like feet that are to be found in any race whatsoever. In fact, immunity from the disease of the legs and feet, under the most unfavorable circumstances—when ill-groomed, ill-shod, and subject to every trial and hardship—appears to be the distinguishing mark of the French Canadian horse. There is no horse, probably, in the known world, to which all ordinary diseases of the foot, and especially that which is known as foot-founders, are so nearly unknown; and it has been well stated by an intelligent writer, well versed in the peculiarities of this particular race, that "there are numbers of horses in Canada that, under a mass of shaggy hair, never trimmed, and rarely cleaned or dried, possess dry, sinewy legs, on which the severest service never raises a wind-gall."

It seems rather strange that in these days of horse improvement, horse fairs and agricultural progress, no systematical attempts have ever been made to improve the Canadians themselves in their pure form, although many have been made, with great success, to create improved crosses by the intermixture of them with other races. No race, probably, is more susceptible of direct improvement than this; and, as their excellence is universally acknowledged, both as the small poor farmer's working and draught horse, for which they are adapted above all American breeds, and as brood mares, from which to raise a highly improved and useful general working roadster, by breeding them to thorough-breds.—*American Stock Journal.*

The Cherry Bird.

The cedar or cherry bird, as he is often called on account of his supposed predilection for that fruit, is commonly looked upon with rather a suspicious eye, as if on the whole, he would do more harm than good. This is not so. He is among the most useful of the little feathered songsters, and ought to be protected. Dr. Trimble, who has studied the habits and food of this bird says:

"I have given it a thorough investigation. I have killed many; more than I ever will again. In the stomach of one I found several canker worms, so perfect as to be readily identified, and the heads of enough more to make thirty-six in all. Think of that! One cedar bird taking at a single meal thirty canker worms. This insect has for half a century been a perfect scourge of the apple orchards of a great part of New England, and has at times seriously threatened other sections of the country. This little bird is a gross feeder, and continues in flocks till near midsummer. Where insects appear in great numbers, as the canker and other span worms sometimes do, it will come suddenly in large flocks, and feed there day after day till the pest is subdued. And this beautiful little friend of ours—the second best of all the birds—is sold by bushels in this market both fall and spring, and no one not even Bergh, to cry shame. In the stomachs of these cedar birds I found nothing but cedar and juniper berries—the peculiar smell of the latter was very perceptible in the stomachs of two."

We say then, don't kill the cherry bird. The canker worm may be upon you before you know it, and you will need all the cherry birds, and all the other small birds you can have to help look after them and keep them in check.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Insects.—The annual fight must be kept up. Wherever a tent-caterpillar's nest is to be seen, there is a challenge to combat. The insect will get the best of it if it is allowed time. Make it somebody's business to destroy every nest, and let that somebody be yourself, if you wish it done faithfully. Jarring the trees and catching the insects upon a sheet or other convenient receptacle, is the only certain mode of warfare with the curculio yet known. Begin early in the season, and early in the morning. All washes and "invigorators" plague the inventor more than they do the curculio.

RECEIPTS.

Porte-Manteaux.—Cut a strip of puff-paste three and a half inches wide, rolled down to an eighth of an inch in thickness; fill the strip with sweetmeats, and then roll it round and glaze with egg; then roll again, so as to cover the sweetmeats; glaze with egg, and place it in the oven.

To Cleanse Carpets.—One teaspoonful liquid ammonia in one gallon warm water will often restore the color to carpets, even if produced by an acid or an alkali. If a ceiling has been whitewashed with carpet down, and a few drops are visible, this will remove it.

Another Way.—After the carpet is well beaten and brushed, scour with ox gall, which will not only extract grease, but freshen the colors—1 pint of gall in 3 gallons warm water will do a large carpet. Table floor-cloths may be thus washed. The suds left from a wash, where ammonia soap is used, even if almost cold, cleanses these floor-cloths well.

Paint to Stand the Weather.—Take charcoal powdered, a sufficient quantity of litharge as a drier, to be well mixed with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with well boiled linseed oil. This forms a good black paint; by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green used by painters for garden work, and it does not fade with the sun. This composition was first used on some spouts, which, on being examined fourteen years afterward, were found to be as perfect as when first put up.

To Prevent Rust.—Melt together three parts of lard, and one part of rosin. A very thin coating will preserve iron-work, such as stoves and grates, from rusting during summer, even in damp situations.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 3, 2, 1, 10, 14, is one of the United States.
My 12, 33, 2, 3, 12, is one of the United States.
My 4, 5, 13, 16, is a town in the state of Kansas.
My 20, 21, 22, is what many do for a living.
My 1, 6, 7, 23, 15, 19, 24, 26, 8, was a daughter of Agamemnon.
My 6, 9, 34, 29, 25, was a name for Apollo.
My 17, 18, 35, 35, 36, 37, is the conclusion of anything.
My 31, 37, 11, are alike.
My 35, 36, 28, 5, 2, 30, 31, is one of the five great powers of Europe.
My 29, 27, 32, is an insect.
My whole is a quotation from the book of Revelation. HUBERT.
Wichita, Kansas.

Riddle.

My 1st in duty is sure to be seen.
My 2d in the name of a certain queen.
My 3d in laughter, in early and late.
My 4th in love, but never in hate.
My 5th is Annie and Alice and Jane.
My 6th is a guide-post to every lane.
My 7th begins the name of a river and bird.
My 8th lives in Rome, as perhaps you have heard.
My 9th is in tide, as my 10th is in time.
My 11th is in climate, but never in clime.
My 12th begins a month ere the year is half done.
My 13th two battles that America won.
My 14th is in joy, my next in delighted.
My 16th you will need if ever benighted.
My 17th begins a month, a city and state.
My 18th begins in envy and ends in hate.
My whole is the name of a friend ever dear,
Who for every letter counts just one year.
March 16th, 1870. DOT AND DASH.

Algebraical Problem.

"One hundred parts of gunpowder are composed of the following materials, in the following proportions:

	For war.	For hunting.	For mining.
Nitre,	75	78	65
Charcoal,	12½	12	15
Sulphur,	12½	10	20
	100	100	100

"At the beginning of the Mexican war the proprietor of the Dupont Mills wished to work up the materials of his powder for hunting and mining, and make war powder out of it. He removed the sulphur by sublimation, and then wished to ascertain what proportion to take of the remaining charcoal and nitre in the two specimens. What proportion ought he to have taken?"

The above is taken from Major D. H. Hill's Algebra, pp. 156-7, example 40.

The solution given by the author is believed to be incorrect. I desire to see how many of the solutions furnished by the mathematical readers of The Post will agree with the one in the book.

Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

A market woman bought a certain number of ducks. She paid for each twice as many cents as there were ducks. Sending away one-fifth, she sold the remainder, each at one-third again more than she had paid, and this amount exceeded the amount expended by the price she had paid for one duck. Required—the number of ducks, and the price paid for each. EGO GEO.
Enterprise, S. C.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why do young ladies whiten their faces? Ans.—Because they think the powder will make them go off.

☞ When is a boat like a pile of snow? Ans.—When it is adrift.

☞ What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Ans.—He was hemmed in on every side.

☞ Who was the first Odd Fellow? Ans.—Adam.

☞ Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it's the end of pork.

☞ Why is love like a canal boat? Ans.—Because it is an internal transport.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—

"The man is sure to fall at last,
Who doesn't stand alone.
Don't trust to other people's eyes,
But learn to mind your own."

DECAPITATION.—Cheat, Heat, Eat, At, T, (Tea.)

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Jan. 22d.—122,3236 rods, the length of the division line running through the spring, and 119,8172 rods, the length of the division line running from the spring to the third side. E. P. Norton.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Jan. 8th.—183,184 acres, the son's share; 50,7029+ acres, each daughter's share; and 146,8939 acres, the widow's share. E. P. Norton.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of March 26th.—3, 3 and 6; or 6, 16 and 48; or 10, 25 and 50. An indefinite number of answers can be given. A. Martin, A. Rittenhouse.

Note.—We have had several letters asking when the answers sent for problems are published. We have to allow time for all the answers to come in, so do not usually publish them until two or three months after the problem appears.—*Editor Riddler.*

To Pickle Fish.—Take any freshly-caught fish, clean and scale them, wash and wipe them dry; cut them into slices a few inches thick, put them in a jar with some salt, some allspice, and a little horseradish; when filled, cover them with good strong vinegar; cover it well with a good cover; let it stand in your oven a few hours; don't let the oven be too hot. This will keep six months. Put it immediately in the cellar, and in a few months they will be fit for use; no bones will be found.

Omelette with Ham.—Cut the ham in slices and fillets, and then in small dice; put a small piece of butter in a frying-pan on the fire, and beat the eggs with a very little salt. Then put the ham, which is raw, into the melted butter, and stir. When the ham is nearly fried turn the eggs over it, and cook the omelette on a brisk fire. In making an omelette with boiled ham, you put the ham on the fire at the same time with the eggs.